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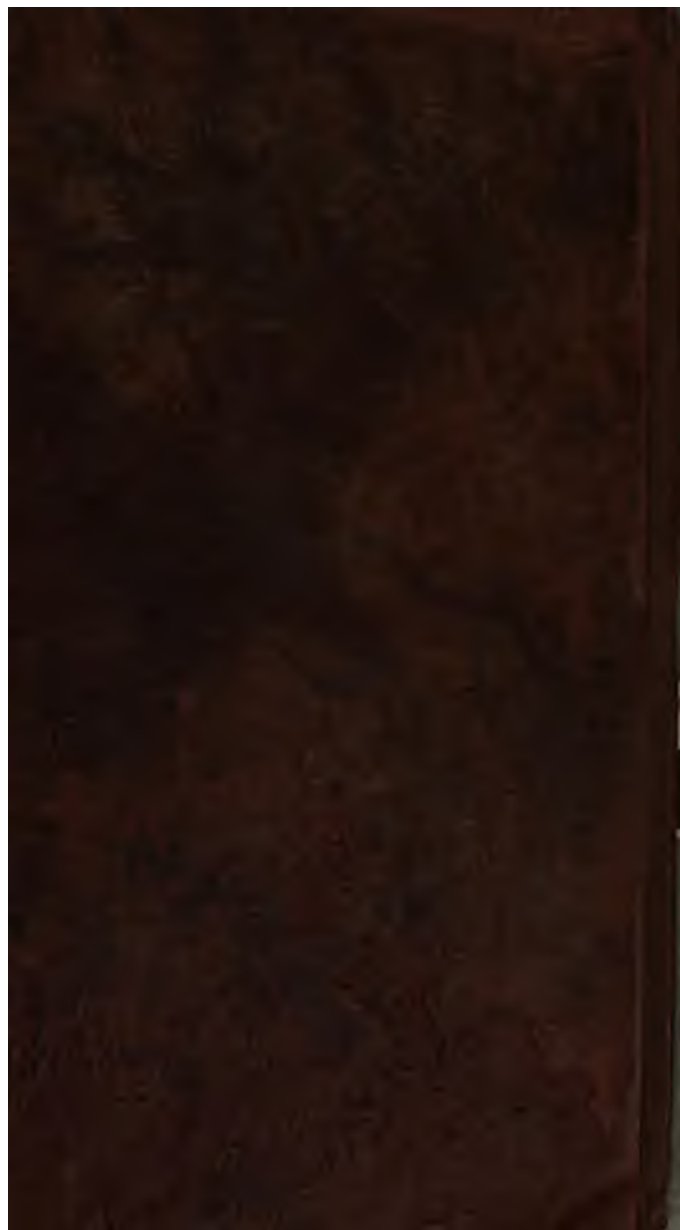
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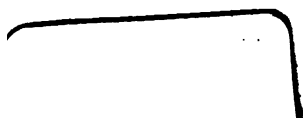




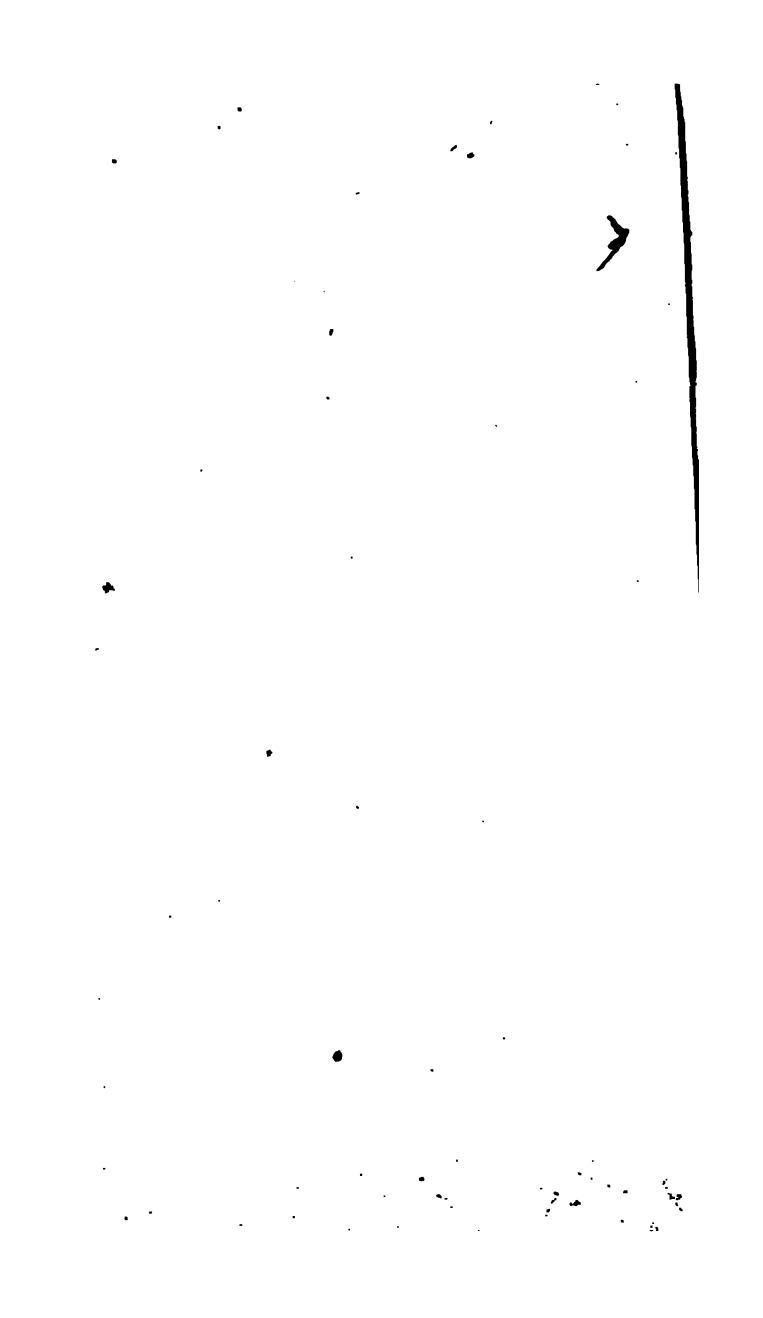
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THE
SEASONS
BY
JAMES THOMSON;
WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED
HESIOD, or the RISE of WOMAN, and the
HERMIT, by PARNELL;

TOGETHER WITH
HENRY and EMMA, by PRIOR.

A new Edition in two volumes.

VOL. I.

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1803.



AN ACCOUNT
OF THE
LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF
MR. JAMES THOMSON.

It is commonly said, that the life of a good writer is best read in his works; which can scarce fail to receive a peculiar tincture from his temper, manners, and habits; the distinguishing character of his mind, his ruling passion, at least, will there appear undisguised. But however just this observation may be, and although we might safely rest Mr. Thomson's fame, as a good man, as well as a man of genius, on this sole footing; yet the desire which the public always shews of being more particularly acquainted with the history of an eminent author, ought not to be disappointed; as it proceeds not from mere curiosity, but chiefly from affection and gratitude to those by whom they have been entertained and instructed.

To give some account of a deceased friend is

often a piece of justice likewise, which ought not to be refused to his memory, to prevent or efface the impertinent fictions which officious Biographers are so apt to collect and propagate. And we may add, that the circumstances of an author's life will sometimes throw the best light upon his writings; instances whereof we shall meet with in the following pages.

Mr. Thomson was born at Ednam, in the shire of Roxburgh, on the 11th of September, in the year 1700. His father, minister of that place, was but little known beyond the narrow circle of his co-presbyters, and to a few gentlemen in the neighbourhood; but highly respected by them for his piety, and his diligence in the pastoral duty: as appeared afterwards in their kind offices to his widow and orphan family.

The Reverend Messrs. Riccarton and Gusthart particularly, took a most affectionate and friendly part in all their concerns. The former, a man of uncommon penetration and good taste, had very early discovered, through the rudeness of young Thomson's puerile essays, a fund of genius well deserving culture and encouragement. He undertook therefore, with the father's approbation, the chief direction

his studies, furnished him with proper books, corrected his performances, and was daily rewarded with the pleasure of seeing his labour so happily employed.

The other reverend gentleman, Mr. Gusthart, who is still living, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, and senior of the Chapel Royal, was no less serviceable to Mrs. Thomson in the management of her little affairs; which, after the decease of her husband, burdened as she was with a family of nine children, required the prudent counsels and assistance of that faithful and generous friend.

Sir William Bennet likewise, well known for his gay humour and ready poetical wit, was highly delighted with our young poet, and used to invite him to pass the summer vacation at his country seat: a scene of life which Mr. Thomson always remembered with particular pleasure. But what he wrote during that time, either to entertain Sir William and Mr. Riccarton, or for his own amusement, he destroyed every new year's day; committing his little pieces to the flames, in their due order, and crowning the solemnity with a copy of verses, in which were humorously recited the several grounds of their condemnation.

After the usual course of school education, under an able master at Jedburgh, Mr. Thomson was sent to the University of Edinburgh. But in the second year of his admission, his studies were for some time interrupted by the death of his father; who was carried off so suddenly that it was not possible for Mr. Thomson, with all the diligence he could use, to receive his last blessing. This affected him to an uncommon degree; and his relations still remember some extraordinary instances of his grief and filial duty on that occasion.

Mrs. Thomson, whose maiden name was Hume, and who was co-heiress of a small estate in the country, did not sink under this misfortune. She consulted her friend Mr. Gusthart; and having, by his advice, mortgaged her moiety of the farm, repaired with her family to Edinburgh; where she lived in a decent frugal manner, till her favourite son had not only finished his academical course, but was even distinguished and patronized as a man of genius. She was, herself, a person of uncommon natural endowments; possessed of every social and domestic virtue; with an imagination for vivacity and warmth, scarce inferior to her son's, and which raised her devotional

exercises to a pitch bordering on enthusiasm.

But whatever advantage Mr. Thomson might derive from the complexion of his parent, it is certain he owed much to a religious education; and that his early acquaintance with the sacred writings contributed greatly to that *sublime*, by which his works will be for ever distinguished. In his first pieces, the *Seasons*, we see him at once assume the majestic freedom of an Eastern writer; seizing the grand images as they rise, cloathing them in his own expressive language, and preserving, throughout, the grace, the variety, and the dignity which belong to a just composition, unhurt by the stiffness of formal method.

About this time, the study of poetry was become general in Scotland, the best English authors being universally read, and imitations of them attempted. Addison had lately displayed the beauties of Milton's immortal work; and his remarks on it, together with Mr. Pope's celebrated Essay, had opened the way to an acquaintance with the best poets and critics.

But the most learned critic is not always the best judge of poetry; taste being a gift of nature, the want of which, Aristotle and Bossu cannot supply; nor even the study of the best

originals, when the reader's faculties are not *tuned in a certain consonance* to those of the poet : and this happened to be the case with certain learned gentlemen, into whose hands a few of Mr. Thomson's first essays had fallen. Some inaccuracies of stile, and those luxuriances which a young writer can hardly avoid, lay open to their cavils and censure; so far indeed they might be competent judges : but the fire and enthusiasm of the poet had entirely escaped their notice. Mr. Thomson, however, conscious of his own strength, was not discouraged by this treatment ; especially as he had some friends on whose judgment he could better rely, and who thought very differently of his performances. Only, from that time, he began to turn his views towards London ; where works of genius may always expect a candid reception and due encouragement; and an accident soon after entirely determined him to try his fortune there.

The divinity chair at Edinburgh was then filled by the reverend and learned Mr. Hamilton, a gentleman universally respected and beloved; and who had particularly endeared himself to the young divines under his care, by his kind offices, his candor and affability. Our au-

thor had attended his lectures for about a year, when there was prescribed to him for the subject of an exercise, a Psalm, in which the power and majesty of God are celebrated. Of this psalm he gave a paraphrase and illustration, as the nature of the exercise required; but in a style so highly poetical as surprized the whole audience. Mr. Hamilton, as his custom was, complimented the orator upon his performance, and pointed out to the students the most masterly striking parts of it; but at last, turning to Mr. Thomson, he told him, smiling, that if he thought of being useful in the ministry, he must keep a stricter rein upon his imagination, and express himself in language more intelligible to an ordinary congregation.

This gave Mr. Thomson to understand, that his expectations from the study of theology might be very precarious; even though the *Church* had been more his free choice than probably it was. So that having, soon after, received some encouragement from a lady of quality, a friend of his mother's, then in London, he quickly prepared himself for his journey. And although this encouragement ended in nothing beneficial, it served for the present

as a good pretext, to cover the imprudence of committing himself to the wide world, unfriended and unpatronized, and with the slender stock of money he was then possessed of.

But his merit did not long lie concealed. Mr. Forbes, afterwards Lord President of the Session, then attending the service of Parliament, having seen a specimen of Mr. Thomson's poetry in Scotland, received him very kindly, and recommended him to some of his friends, particularly to Mr. Aikman, who lived in great intimacy with many persons of distinguished rank and worth. This gentleman, from a connoisseur in painting, was become a professed painter; and his taste being no less just and delicate in the kindred-art of descriptive poetry, than in his own, no wonder that he soon conceived a friendship for our author. What a warm return he met with, and how Mr. Thomson was affected by his friend's premature death, appears in the copy of verses which he wrote on that occasion.

In the mean time, our author's reception, wherever he was introduced, emboldened him to risk the publication of his *Winter*; in which, as he himself was a mere novice in such matters, he was kindly assisted by Mr. Mal-

let, then private tutor to his Grace the Duke of Montrose, and his brother the Lord George Graham, so well known afterwards as an able and gallant sea officer. To Mr. Mallet he likewise owed his first acquaintance with several of the wits of that time, an exact information of their characters personal and poetical, and how they stood affected to each other.

The Poem of *Winter*, published in March 1726, was no sooner read than universally admired; those only excepted who had not been used to feel, or to look for any thing in poetry, beyond a *point* of satirical or epigrammatic wit, a smart *antithesis* richly trimmed with rhyme, or the softness of an *elegiac* complaint. To such his manly classical spirit could not readily recommend itself; till after a more attentive perusal, they had got the better of their prejudices, and either acquired or affected a truer taste. A few others stood aloof, merely because they had long before fixed the articles of their poetical creed, and resigned themselves to an absolute despair of ever seeing any thing new and original. These were somewhat mortified to find their notions disturbed by the appearance of a poet, who seemed to owe nothing but to nature and his own genius. But, in a short time, the

applause became unanimous; every one wondering how so many pictures, and pictures so familiar, should have moved them, but faintly, to what they felt in his descriptions. His digressions too, the overflowings of a tender benevolent heart, charm'd the reader no less, leaving him in doubt, whether he should more admire the *Poet*, or love the *Man*.

From that time Mr. Thomson's acquaintance was courted by all men of taste; and several ladies of high rank and distinction became his declared patronesses: the Countess of Hertford, Miss Drelincourt, afterwards Viscountess Primrose, Mrs. Stanley, and others. But the chief happiness which his *Winter* procured him, was, that it brought him acquainted with Doctor Rundle, afterwards Lord Bishop of Derry; who, upon conversing with Mr. Thomson, and finding in him qualities greater still, and of more value, than those of a poet, received him into his intimate confidence and friendship; promoted his character every where; introduced him to his great friend the Lord Chancellor Talbot; and, some years after, when the eldest son of that nobleman was to make his *tour* of travelling, recommended Mr. Thomson as a proper companion for him. His affection

and gratitude to Dr. Rundle, and his indignation at the treatment that worthy prelate had met with, are finely expressed in his *Poem to the memory of Lord Talbot*. The true cause of that undeserved treatment has been secreted from the public, as well as the dark *manœuvres* that were employed : but Mr. Thomson, who had access to the best information, places it to the account of

—— Slandrous zeal, and politics infirm
Jealous of worth. ——

Meanwhile, our poet's chief care had been, in return for the public favour, to finish the plan which their wishes laid out for him; and the expectations which his *Winter* had raised were fully satisfied by the successive publication of the other *Seasons* : of *Summer*, in the year 1727 ; of *Spring*, in the beginning of the following year; and of *Autumn*, in a quarto edition of his works printed in 1730.

In that edition, the *Seasons* are placed in their natural order, and crowned with that inimitable *Hymn*, in which we view them in their beautiful succession, as *one whole*, the *immediate* effect of infinite *Power* and *Goodness*. In imitation of the Hebrew Bard, all nature is called forth to do homage to the Creator, and

the reader is left enraptured in silent adoration and praise.

Besides these, and his tragedy of *Sophonisba* written and acted with applause in the year 1729, Mr. Thomson had, in 1727, published his *Poem to the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton*, then lately deceased; containing a deserved encomium on that incomparable man, with an account of his chief discoveries, sublimely poetical, and yet so just, that an ingenious foreigner, the Count Algarotti, takes a line of it for the text of his philosophical dialogues, *Il Newtonianismo per le dame*: this was in part owing to the assistance he had of his friend Mr. Gray, a gentleman well versed in the *Newtonian Philosophy*, who, on that occasion, gave him a very exact, though general, abstract of its principles.

That same year, the resentment of our merchants, for the interruption of their trade by the Spaniards in America, running very high, Mr. Thomson zealously took part in it, and wrote his poem *Britannia*, to rouse the nation to revenge. And although this piece is less read, as its subject was but accidental and temporary, the spirited generous sentiments that enrich it, can never be out of season: they will

at least remain a monument of that love of his country, that *devotion to the public*, which he is ever inculcating as the perfection of virtue, and which none ever felt more pure, or more intense, than himself.

Our author's poetical studies were now to be interrupted, or rather improved, by his attendance on the honourable Mr. Charles Talbot in his travels. A delightful task indeed! endowed as that young nobleman was by nature, and accomplished by the care and example of the best of fathers, in whatever could adorn humanity; graceful of person, elegant in manners and address; pious, humane, generous, with an exquisite taste in all the finer arts.

With this amiable companion and friend Mr. Thomson visited most of the courts and capital cities of Europe; and returned with his views greatly enlarged, not of exterior nature only, and the works of art, but of human life and manners, of the constitution and policy of the several states, their connexions, and their religious institutions. How particular and judicious his observations were, we see in his poem of *Liberty*, begun soon after his return to England. We see, at the same time, to what a high pitch his love of his country was raised, by the

comparisons he had all along been making of our happy well-poised government with those of other nations. To inspire his fellow-subjects with the like sentiments ; and to shew them by what means the precious freedom we enjoy may be preserved , and how it may be abused or lost ; he employed two years of his life in composing that noble work : upon which , conscious of the importance and dignity of the subject , he valued himself more than upon all his other writings.

While Mr. Thomson was writing the first part of *Liberty* , he received a severe shock , by the death of his noble friend and fellow traveller ; which was soon followed by another that was severer still , and of more general concern , the death of Lord Talbot himself ; which Mr. Thomson so pathetically and so justly laments in the poem dedicated to his memory. In him , the nation saw itself deprived of an uncorrupted patriot , the faithful guardian of their rights , on whose wisdom and integrity they had founded their hopes of relief from many tedious vexations : and Mr. Thomson , besides his share in the general mourning , had to bear all the affliction which a heart like his could feel , for the person whom , of all mankind , he most

revered and loved. At the same time, he found himself from an easy competency, reduced to a state of precarious dependance, in which he passed the remainder of his life; excepting only the two last years of it, during which he enjoyed the place of Surveyor General of the Leeward Islands, procured for him by the generous friendship of Lord Lyttelton.

Immediately upon his return to England with Mr. Talbot, the Chancellor had made him his secretary of briefs; a place of little attendance, suiting his retired indolent way of life, and equal to all his wants. This place fell with his patron; and although the noble Lord, who succeeded to Lord Talbot in office, kept it vacant for some time, probably till Mr. Thomson should apply for it, he was so dispirited, and so listless to every concern of that kind, that he never took one step in the affair; a neglect which his best friends greatly blamed in him.

Yet could not his genius be depressed, or his temper hurt, by this reverse of fortune. He resumed, with time, his usual chearfulness, and never abated one article in his way of living; which, though simple, was genial and elegant. The profits arising from his works were not inconsiderable; his tragedy of *Agamemnon*,

acted in 1738, yielded a good sum; Mr. Millar was always at hand, to answer, or even to prevent, his demands; and he had a friend or two besides, whose hearts, he knew, were not contracted by the ample fortunes they had acquired; who would, of themselves, interpose, if they saw any occasion for it.

But his chief dependance, during this long interval, was on the protection and bounty of His Royal Highness FREDERIC Prince of Wales; who, upon the recommendation of Lord Lyttelton, then his chief favourite, settled on him a handsome allowance. And afterwards, when he was introduced to His Royal Highness, that excellent Prince, who truly was what Mr. Thomson paints him, *the friend of mankind and of merit*, received him very graciously, and ever after honoured him with many marks of particular favour and confidence. A circumstance, which does equal honour to the patron and the poet, ought not here to be omitted; that Lord Lyttelton's recommendation came altogether unsolicited, and long before Mr. Thomson was personally known to him.

It happened, however, that the favour of his Royal Highness was in one instance of some prejudice to our author; in the refusal of a

licence for his tragedy of *Edward and Eleonora*, which he had prepared for the stage in the year 1739. The reader may see that this play contains not a line which could justly give offence; but the ministry, still fore from certain pasquinades, which had lately produced the stage-act; and as little satisfied with some parts of the prince's political conduct, as he was with their management of the public affairs; would not risk the representation of a piece written under his eye, and, they might probably think, by his command.

This refusal drew after it another; and in a way which, as it is related, was rather ludicrous. Mr. Paterson, a companion of Mr. Thomson, afterwards his *deputy*, and then his *successor* in the general-surveyorship, used to write out fair copies for his friend, when such were wanted for the press or for the stage. This gentleman likewise courted the tragic muse, and had taken for his subject, the story of *Arminius the German hero*. But his play, guiltless as it was, being presented for a licence, no sooner had the *ensor* cast his eyes on the handwriting in which he had seen *Edward and Eleonora*, than he cried out, Away with it! and the author's profits were reduced to what his

bookseller could afford for a tragedy in distress.

Mr. Thompson's next dramatic performance was the *Masque of Alfred*, written, jointly with Mr. Mallet, by command of the Prince of Wales, for the entertainment of His Royal Highness's court, at his summer-residence. This piece, with some alterations, and the music new, has been since brought upon the stage by Mr. Mallet: the *original* play was acted at Clifden, in the year 1740, on the birth-day of Her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta.

In the year 1745, his *Tancred and Sigismundu*, taken from the novel in *Gil-Blas*, was performed with applause; and from the deep romantic distress of the lovers, continues to draw crowded houses. The success of this piece was indeed ensured from the first, by Mr. Garrick's and Mrs. Cibber's appearing in the principal characters; which they heighten and adorn with all the magic of their never-failing art.

He had, in the mean time, been finishing his *Castle of Indolence*, in two *Cantos*. It was, at first, little more than a few detached stanzas, in the way of raillery on himself, and on some of his friends, who would reproach him with indolence; while he thought them, at least, as indolent as himself. But he saw very soon, that

the subject deserved to be treated more seriously, and in a form fitted to convey one of the most important moral lessons.

The *stanza* which he uses in this work is that of Spenser, borrowed from the Italian poets; in which he thought rhimes had their proper place, and were even graceful: the compass of the stanza admitting an agreeable variety of final sounds; while the sense of the poet is not cramped or cut short, nor yet too much dilated: as must often happen, when it is parcelled out into rhimed couplets; the usual measure, indeed, of our *elegy* and *satire*; but which always weakens the higher poetry, and, to a true ear, will sometimes give it an air of the *burlesque*.

This was the last piece Mr. Thomson himself published; his tragedy of *Coriolanus* being only prepared for the theatre, when a fatal accident robbed the world of one of the best men, and best poets, that lived in it.

He had always been a timorous horseman; and more so, in a road where numbers of giddy or unskilful riders are continually passing: so that when the weather did not invite him to go by water, he would commonly walk the distance between London and Richmond, with any acquaintance that offered; with whom he

wrote an Ode to his memory. This, for the dirge-like melancholy it breathes, and the warmth of affection that seems to have dictated it, we shall subjoin to the present account.

Our author himself hints, somewhere in his works, that his exterior was not the most promising; his make being rather robust than graceful: though it is known that in his youth he had been thought handsome. His worst appearance was, when you saw him walking alone, in a thoughtful mood: but let a friend accost him, and enter into conversation, he would instantly brighten in a most amiable aspect, his features no longer the same, and his eye darting a peculiar animated fire. The case was much alike in company; where, if it was mixed, or very numerous, he made but an indifferent figure: but with a few select friends, he was open, sprightly, and entertaining. His wit flowed freely, but pertinently, and at due intervals, leaving room for every one to contribute his share. Such was his extreme sensibility, so perfect the harmony of his organs with the sentiments of his mind, that his looks always announced, and half expressed what he was about to say; and his voice corresponded exactly to the manner and degree in which he was affected. This sensibility had

one inconvenience attending it, that it rendered him the very worst reader of good poetry : a *sonnet*, or a copy of tame verses, he could manage pretty well, or even improve them in the reading : but a passage of Virgil, Milton or Shakespeare, would sometimes quite oppress him, so that you could hear little else than some ill-articulated sounds, rising as from the bottom of his breast.

He had improved his taste upon the best originals, ancient and modern; but could not bear to write what was not strictly his own, what had not more immediately struck his imagination, or touched his heart : so that he is not in the least concerned in that question about the *merit* or *demerit* of *imitators*. What he borrows from the ancients, he gives us in an avowed faithful paraphrase or translation; as we see in a few passages taken from Virgil, and in that beautiful picture from Pliny the elder, where the course, and gradual increase, of the Nile, are figured by the stages of man's life.

The autumn was his favourite season for poetical composition, and the deep silence of the night, the time he commonly chose for such studies; so that he would often be heard walking in his library, till near morning, humming

First Part.

B

over, in his way, what he was to correct and write out next day.

The amusements of his leisure hours were civil and natural history, voyages, and the relations of travellers, the most authentic he could procure: and had his situation favoured it, he would certainly have excelled in gardening, agriculture, and every rural improvement and exercise. Although he performed on no instrument, he was passionately fond of music, and would sometimes listen a full hour at his window to the nightingales in Richmond gardens. While abroad, he had been greatly delighted with the regular Italian drama, such as Metastasio writes, as it is there heightened by the charms of the best voices and instruments; and looked upon our theatrical entertainments, as, in one respect, naked and imperfect, when compared with the *ancient*, or with those of Italy; wishing sometimes that a *chorus*, at least, and a better *recitative*, could be introduced.

Nor was his taste less exquisite in the arts of *painting*, *sculpture*, and *architecture*. In his travels, he had seen all the most celebrated monuments of antiquity, and the best productions of modern art; and studied them so minutely; and with so true a judgment, that in some of his des-

criptions, in the poem of *Liberty*, we have the master-pieces there mentioned placed in a stronger light perhaps, than if we saw them with our eyes; at least more justly delineated than in any other account extant: so superior is a natural taste of the *grand* and *beautiful*, to the traditional lessons of a common *virtuoso*. His collection of prints, and some drawings from the antique, are now in the possession of his friend Mr. Gray of Richmond Hill.

As for his more distinguishing qualities of *mind* and *heart*, they are better represented in his writings, than they can be by the pen of any biographer. There, his love of mankind, of his country and friends, his devotion to the *Supreme Being*, founded on the most elevated and just conceptions of his operations and providence, shine out in every page. So unbounded was his tenderness of heart, that it took in even the brute creation: judge what it must have been towards his own species. He is not indeed known, through his whole life, to have given any person one moment's pain, by his writings or otherwise. He took no part in the poetical squabbles which happened in his time; and was respected and left undisturbed by both sides. He would even refuse to take offence when he

justly might , by interrupting any personal story that was brought him , with some jest , or some humorous apology for the offender. Nor was he ever seen ruffled or discomposed , but when he read or heard of some flagrant instance of injustice , oppression , or cruelty : then , indeed , the strongest marks of horror and indignation were visible in his countenance.

These amiable virtues, this divine temper of mind, did not fail of their due reward. His friends loved him with an enthusiastic ardor, and lamented his untimely fate in the manner that is still fresh in every one's memory; the best and greatest men of his time honoured him with their friendship and protection ; the applause of the public attended every appearance he made ; the actors , of whom the more eminent were his friends and admirers , grudging no pains to do justice to his tragedies. At present indeed , if we except *Tancred*, they are seldom called for ; the simplicity of his plots, and the models he worked after , not suiting the reigning taste , nor the impatience of an English theatre. They may hereafter come to be in vogue : but we hazard no comment or conjecture upon them , or upon any part of Mr. Thomson's works ; neither need they any defence or apology , after the reception

they have had at home, and in the foreign languages into which they have been translated. We shall only say, that, to judge from the imitations of his manner, which have been following him close, from the very first publication of *Winter*, he seems to have fixed no inconsiderable æra of the English poetry.

O D E

ON THE

DEATH OF MR. THOMSON

BY MR. COLLINS.

The scene of the following stanzas is supposed to lie on the Thames near Richmond.

I.

In yonder grave a Druid lies
Where slowly winds the stealing wave,
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise
To deck its Poet's sylvan grave.

II.

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
His airy harp (1) shall now be laid,
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love thro' life the soothing shade.

III.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,
And while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear,
To hear the Woodland Pilgrim's knell.

(1) The harp of ÆOLUS, of which see a description in the
CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

I V.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar
To bid his gentle spirit rest.

V.

And oft as Ease and Health retire
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening (1) spire,
And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

V I.

But Thou, who own'st that earthy bed,
Ah! what will every dirge avail?
Or tears, which Love and Pity shed /
That mourn beneath the gliding sail?

V I I.

Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimm'ring near?
With him, sweet bard, may Fancy die,
And Joy desert the blooming year.

V I I I.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
No sedge-crown'd Sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend.

(1) RICHMOND Church.

I X.

And see, the fairy valleys fade,
Dun Night has veil'd the solemn view;
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek Nature's Child, again adieu.

X.

The genial meads assign'd to bless
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom;
Their hinds, and shepherd-girls shall dress
With simple hands thy rural tomb.

X I.

Long, long, thy stone, and pointed clay,
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes;
Oh! vales, and wild woods, shall He say,
In yonder grave Your Druid lies!

S P R I N G.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Inscribed to the Countess of HERTFORD. The Season is described as it affects the various parts of Nature : ascending from the lower to the higher ; with digressions arising from the subject. Its influence on inanimate Matter , on Vegetables , on brute Animals , and last on Man ; concluding with a dissuasive from the wild and irregular passion of Love, opposed to that of a pure and happy kind.

COME, gentle SPRING, ethereal mildness, come,
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

O HERTFORD, fitted or to shine in courts
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
With innocence and meditation join'd
In soft assemblage, listen to my song,
Which thy own Season paints ; when Nature all
Is blooming and benevolent, like thee.

And see where surly WINTER passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts :
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shatter'd forest, and the ravag'd vale ;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch,
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.

As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd ;

And WINTER oft at eve resumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets
Deform the day delightless : so that scarce
The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulph't
To shake the sounding marsh; or from the shore
The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
And sing their wild notes to the listening waste.

At last from *Aries* rolls the bounteous sun,
And the bright *Bull* receives him. Then no more
Th' expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold;
But, full of life and vivifying soul,
Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,
Fleecy and white, o'er all-surrounding heaven.

Forth fly the tepid airs; and unconfin'd,
Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
Joyous, th' impatient husbandman perceives
Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers
Drives from their stalls, to where the well-us'd plough
Lies in the furrow, loosened from the frost.
There, unrefusing, to the harness'd yoke
They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,
Chear'd by the simple song and soaring lark.
Meanwhile incumbent o'er the shining share
The master leans, removes th' obstructing clay
Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe.

White, thro' the neighbouring fields the sower stalks
With measur'd step; and liberal throws the grain
Into the faithful bosom of the ground :
The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.

Be gracious, HEAVEN ! for now laborious Man
Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes, blow !

Ye softening dews, ye tender showers, descend!
And temper all, thou world-reviving sun,
Into the perfect year! Nor ye who live
In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,
Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear :
Such themes as these the *rural* MARO sung
To wide-imperial Rome, in the full height
Of elegance and taste, by GREECE refin'd.
In ancient times, the sacred plough employ'd
The kings, and awful fathers of Mankind :
And some, with whom compar'd your *insect-tribes*
Are but the beings of a summer's day,
Have held the scale of empire, rul'd the storm
Of mighty war ; then, with unwearied hand,
Disdaining little delicacies, seiz'd
The plough, and greatly independent liv'd.

Ye generous BAYONS, venerate the plough ;
And o'er your hills, and long withdrawing vales,
Let Autumn spread his treasures to the sun,
Luxuriant and unbounded : as the sea,
Far thro' his azure turbulent domain,
Your empire owns, and from a thousand shores
Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports ;
So with superior boon may your rich soil,
Exuberant, Nature's better blessings pour
O'er every land, the naked nations clothe,
And be th' exhaustless granary of a world !

Nor only thro' the lenient air this change,
Delicious, breathes ; the penetrative sun,
His force deep-darting to the dark retreat
Of vegetation, sets the steaming Power

At large, to wander o'er the vernal earth,
In various hues; but chiefly thee, gay *Green!*
Thou smiling Nature's universal robe!
United light and shade! where the sight dwells
With growing strength, and ever-new delight.

From the moist meadow to the wither'd hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
And swells, and deepens, to the cherish'd eye.
The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd,
In full luxuriance to the sighing gales;
Where the deer rustle thro' the twining brake,
And the birds sing conceal'd. At once array'd
In all the colours of the flushing year,
By Nature's swift and secret-working hand,
The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
With lavish fragrance; while the promis'd fruit
Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd,
Within its crimson folds. Now from the town
Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps,
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling drop
From the bent bush, as thro' the verdant maze
Of sweet-hurled hedges I pursue my walk;
Or taste the smell of dairy; or ascend
Some eminence, *Argus*, in thy plains,
And see the country, far diffus'd around,
One boundless blush, one white-empurpled shower
Of mingled blossoms; where the raptur'd eye
Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath

The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies.

If, brush'd from *Russian* wilds, a cutting gale
Rise not, and scatter from his humid wings
The clammy mildew; or, dry-blowing, breathe
Untimely frost: before whose baleful blast
The full-blown Spring thro' all her foliage shrinks,
Joyless and dead, a wide-dejected waste.
For oft, engender'd by the hazy north,
Myriads on myriads, insect armies warp
Keen in the poison'd breeze; and wasteful eat,
Thro' buds and bark, into the blacken'd core,
Their eager way. A feeble race! yet oft
The sacred sons of vengeance; on whose course
Corrosive famine waits, and kills the year.
To check this plague the skilful farmer chaff
And blazing straw, before his orchard burns;
Till, all involv'd in smoke, the latent foe
From every cranny suffocated falls:
Or scatters o'er the blooms the pungent dust
Of pepper, fatal to the frosty tribe:
Or, when th' envenom'd leaf begins to curl,
With sprinkled water drowns them in their nest;
Nor, while they pick them up with busy bill,
The little trooping birds unwisely scares.

Be patient; swains; these cruel-seeming winds
Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep repress'd
Those deepening clouds on clouds, surcharg'd with rain,
That o'er the vast *Atlantic* hither borne,
In endless train, would quench the summer blaze,
And, cheerless, drown the crude unripened year.

The north-east spends his rage; he now shut up.

Within his iron-cave, th' effusive south
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.
At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining ether; but by swift degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails
Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep
Sits on th' horizon round a settled gloom:
Not such as wintry-storms on mortals shed,
Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope and every joy,
The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm; that not a breath
Is heard to quiver thro' the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves
Of aspen tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd
In glassy breadth, seem thro' delusive lapse
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry sprig, and mute-imploring eye
The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense,
The plummy people streak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off;
And wait th' approaching sign to strike, at once,
Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,
And forests seem, impatient, to demand
The promis'd sweetness. Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
And looking lively gratitude. At last,
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields;
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool

4

drops, let all their moisture flow,
effusion, o'er the freshen'd world.
ing shower is scarce to patter heard,
as wander thro' the forest walks,
he umbrageous multitude of leaves.
can hold the shade, while Heaven descends
sal bounty, shedding herbs,
s, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap?
y fir'd anticipates their growth;
le the milky nutriment distils,
he kindling country colour round.
ll day long the full-distended clouds
heir genial stores, and well-shower'd earth
rich'd with vegetable life;
he western sky, the downward sun
t, effulgent, from amid the flush
clouds, gay-shifting to his beam.
radiance instantaneous strikes
in'd mountain, thro' the forest streams,
the floods, and in a yellow mist,
king o'er th' interminable plain,
ing myriads lights the dewy gems.
ight, and green, the landskip laughs around.
the woods; their very music wakes,
wild concert with the warbling brooks
, the distant bleatings of the hills,
w lows responsive from the vales,
blending all the sweetened zephyr springs.
e refracted from yon eastern cloud,
earth, the grand ethereal bow
immense; and every hue unfolds,

In fair proportion running from the red,
To where the violet fades into the sky.
Here, awful NEWTON, the dissolving clouds
Form, fronting on the sun, thy showery prism;
And to the sage-instructed eye unfold
The various twine of light, by thee disclos'd
From the white mingling maze. Not so the boy;
He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,
Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
To catch the falling glory; but amaz'd
Beholds th' amusive arch before him fly,
Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds,
A softened shade, and saturated earth
Awaits the morning-beam, to give to light;
Rais'd thro' ten thousand different plastic tubes,
The balmy treasures of the former day.

THEN spring the living herbs, profusely wild,
O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the power
Of botanist to number up their tribes:
Whether he steals along the lonely dale,
In silent search; or thro' the forest, rank
With what the dull incurious weeds account,
Bursts his blind way; or climbs the mountain-rock,
Fir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow.
With such a liberal hand has Nature flung
Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
Innumerable mix'd them with the nursing mold,
The moistening current, and prolific rain.

BUT who their virtues can declare? who pierce,
With vision pure, into these secret stores
Of health, and life, and joy? the food of Man,

While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told
A length of golden years; unflesh'd in blood,
A stranger to the savage arts of life,
Death, rapine, carnage, surfeit, and disease;
The lord, and not the tyrant, of the world.

THE first fresh dawn then wak'd the gladdened race
Of uncorrupted Man, nor blush'd to see
The sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam:
For their light slumbers gently fum'd away;
And up they rose as vigorous as the sun,
Or to the culture of the willing glebe,
Or to the chearful tendance of the flock.
Meantime the song went round; and dance and sport,
Wisdom and friendly talk, successive, stole
Their hours away: while in the rosy vale
Love breath'd his infant sighs, from anguish free,
And full replete with bliss; save the sweet pain,
That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.
Nor yet injurious act, nor surly deed,
Was known among those kappy sons of HEAVEN;
For reason and benevolence were law.
Harmonious Nature too look'd smiling on.
Clear shone the skies, cool'd with eternal gales,
And balmy spirit all. The youthful sun
Shot his best rays, and still the gracious clouds
Drop'd fatness down; as o'er the swelling mead,
The herds and flocks, commixing, play'd secure.
This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,
The glaring lion saw, his horrid heart
Was meekened, and he join'd his sullen joy.
For music held the whole in perfect peace:

Soft sigh'd the flute ; the tender voice was heard ,
Warbling the varied heart ; the woodlands round
Apply'd their quire ; and winds and waters flow'd
In consonance. Such were those prime of days.

BUT now those white unblemish'd manners , wheno
The fabling poets took their golden age ,
Are found no more amid these iron times ,
These dregs of life ! Now the distemper'd mind
Has lost that concord of harmonious powers ,
Which forms the soul of happiness ; and all
Is off the poise within : the passions all
Have burst their bounds ; and reason half extinct ,
Or impotent , or else approving , sees
The foul disorder. Senseless , and deform'd ,
Convulsive anger storms at large ; or pale ,
And silent , settles into fell revenge.
Base envy withers at another's joy ,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
Desponding fear , of feeble fancies full ,
Weak and unmanly , loosens every power.
Even love itself is bitterness of soul ,
A pensive anguish pining at the heart ;
Or , sunk to sordid interest , feels no more
That noble wish , that never cloy'd desire ,
Which , selfish joy disdaining , seeks alone
To bless the dearer object of its flame.
Hope sickens with extravagance ; and grief ,
Of life impatient , into madness swells ;
Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours.
These , and a thousand mixt emotions more ,
From ever-changing views of good and ill ,

Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind
With endless storm : whence, deeply rankling , grows
The partial thought , a listless unconcern ,
Cold ; and averting from our neighbour's good ;
Then dark disgust , and hatred , winding wiles ,
Coward deceit , and ruffian violence :
At last , extinct each social feeling , fell
And joyless inhumanity pervades
And petrifies the heart. Nature disturb'd
Is deem'd , vindictive , to have chang'd her course.

HENCE , in old dusky time , a deluge came :
When the deep-cleft disparting orb , that arch'd
The central waters round , impetuous rush'd ,
With universal burst , into the gulph ,
And o'er the high-pil'd hills of fractur'd earth
Wide dash'd the waves , in undulation vast ;
Till , from the center to the streaming clouds ,
A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe.

THE Seasons since have , with severer sway ,
Oppress'd a broken world : the Winter keen
Shook forth his waste of snows ; and Summer shot
His pestilential heats. Great Spring , before ,
Green'd all the year ; and fruits and blossoms blush'd ,
In social sweetness , on the self-same bough.
Pure was the temperate air ; an even calm
Perpetual reign'd ; save what the zephyrs bland
Breath'd o'er the blue expanse : for then nor storms
Were taught to blow , nor hurricanes to rage ;
Sound slept the waters ; no sulphureous glooms
Swell'd in the sky , and sent the lightning forth ;
While sickly damps , and cold autumnal fogs ,

Hung not, relaxing, on the springs of life.
But now, of turbid elements the sport,
From clear to cloudy tost, from hot to cold,
And dry to moist, with inward-eating change,
Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,
Their period finish'd ere 'tis well begun.

And yet the wholesome herb neglected dies;
Though with the pure exhilarating soul
Of nutriment and health, and vital powers,
Beyond the search of art, 'tis copious blest.
For, with hot ravine fir'd, ensanguin'd *Man*
Is now become the lion of the plain,
And worse. The wolf, who from the nightly fold
Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drank her milk,
Nor wore her warming fleece : nor has the steer,
At whose strong chest the deadly tyger hangs,
E'er plow'd for him. They too are temper'd high,
Wish hunger stung and wild necessity,
Nor lodges pity in their shaggy breast.
But *Man*, whom Nature form'd of milder clay,
With every kind emotion in his heart,
And taught alone to weep ; while from her lap
She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs,
And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain
Or beams that gave them birth : shall he, fair form !
Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect on Heaven,
E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling herd,
And dip his tongue in gore ? The beast of prey,
Blood-stain'd, deserves to bleed : but you, ye flocks,
What have you done ; ye peaceful people, what,
To merit death ? you, who have given us milk

luscious streams, and lent us your own coat
against the winter's cold? And the plain ox,
That harmless, *honest*, guileless animal,
In what has he offended? he, whose toil,
Patient and ever ready, clothes the land
With all the pomp of harvest; shall he bleed,
And struggling groan beneath the cruel hands
Even of the clown he feeds? and that, perhaps,
To swell the riot of th' autumnal feast,
Won by his labour? Thus the feeling heart
Would tenderly suggest: but 'tis enough,
In this late age, adventurous, to have touch'd
Light on the numbers of the *Samian Sage*.
High HEAVEN forbids the bold presumptuous strain,
Whose wisest will has fix'd us in a state
That must not yet to pure perfection rise.

Now when the first foul torrent of the brooks,
Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away,
And, whitening, down their mossy-tinctur'd stream
Descends the billowy foam: now is the time,
While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile,
To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly,
The rod fine-tapering with elastic spring,
Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line,
And all thy slender watry stores prepare.
But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm,
Convulsive, twist in agonizing folds;
Which, by rapacious hunger swallow'd deep,
Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast
Of the weak helpless uncomplaining wretch,
Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand.

WHEN with his lively ray the potent sun
Has pierc'd the streams, and rous'd the finny race
Then, issuing chearful, to thy sport repair;
Chief should the western breezes curling play,
And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds.
High to their fount, this day, amid the hills,
And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brook.
The next, pursue their rocky-channel'd maze,
Down to the river, in whose ample wave
Their little Naiads love to sport at large.
Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils
Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank
Reverted plays in undulating flow,
There throw, nice-judging, the delusive fly;
And as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the springing game.
Strait as above the surface of the flood
They wanton rise, or urg'd by hunger leap,
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook:
Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
And to the shelving shore slow-dragging some,
With various hand proportioned to their force.
If yet too young, and easily deceiv'd,
At worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,
Him, piteous of his youth and the short space
He has enjoy'd the vital light of Heaven,
Soft disengage, and back into the stream
The speckled captive throw. But should you lure
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots
Of pendant trees, the monarch of the brook,

moves you then to ply your finest art.
 Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly;
 And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft
 The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.
 At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun
 Rises a cloud, he desperate takes the death,
 With sullen plunge. At once he darts along,
 Ep-struck, and runs out all the lengthened line:
 Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed,
 The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode;
 And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
 Dignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
 That feels him still, yet to his furious course
 Gives way, you, now retiring, following now
 Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage:
 All floating broad upon his breathless side,
 And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore
 You gaily drag your unresisting prize.
 Thus pass the temperate hours: but when the sun
 Takes from his noon-day throne the scattering clouds,
 Then shooting listless languor thro' the deeps;
 Then seek the bank where flowering elders croud,
 Where scatter'd wild the lily of the vale
 Its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips hang
 The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,
 With all the lowly children of the shade:
 Or lie reclin'd beneath yon spreading ash,
 Hung o'er the steep; whence, borne on liquid wing,
 The sounding culver shoots, or where the hawk,
 High, in the beetling cliff, his airy builds.
 Here let the classic page thy fancy lead

Thro' rural scenes ; such as the *Mantuan* swain
Paints in the matchless harmony of song.
Or catch thyself the landskip, gliding swift
Athwart imagination's vivid eye :
Or by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,
And lost in lonely musing , in a dream ,
Confus'd , of careless solitude, where mix
Ten thousand wandering images of things ,
Soothe every gust of passion into peace ,
All but the swellings of the soften'd heart ,
That waken , not disturb the tranquil mind.

BEHOLD yon breathing prospect bids the Muse
Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast ,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers ?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill ,
And lose them in each other , as appears
In every bud that blows? If fancy then
Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task ,
Ah what shall language do ? ah where find words
Ting'd with so many colours ; and whose power ,
To life approaching , may perfume my lays
With that fine oil, those aromatic gales ,
That inexhaustive flow continual round ?

YET, tho' successful, will the toil delight.
Come then , ye virgins and ye youths , whose hearts
Have felt the raptures of refining love ;
And thou, AMANDA , come, pride of my song !
Form'd by the Graces , loveliness itself !
Come with those downcast eyes , sedate and sweet ,
Those looks demure , that deeply pierce the soul ,

Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mix'd,
 Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart :
 O come ! and while the rosy-footed May
 Steals blushing on, together, let us tread
 The morning dews, and gather in their prime
 Fresh blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair,
 And thy lov'd bosom that improves their sweets.

SEE, where the winding vale its lavish stores,
 Irriguous, spreads. See, how the lily drinks
 The latent rill, scarce oozing thro' the grass,
 Of growth luxuriant ; or the humid bank,
 In fair profusion, decks. Long let us walk,
 Where the breeze blows from yon extended field
 Of blossom'd beans. *Arabia* cannot boast
 A fuller gale of joy, than, liberal, thence
 Breathes thro' the sense, and takes the ravish'd soul.
 Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot,
 Full of fresh verdure, and unnumber'd flowers,
 The negligence of *Nature*, wide, and wild ;
 Where, undisguis'd by mimic *Art*, she spreads
 Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.
 Here their delicious task the fervent bees,
 In swarming millions, tend : around, athwart,
 Thro' the soft air, the busy nations fly,
 Cling to the bud, and, with inserted tube,
 Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul ;
 And oft, with bolder wing, they soaring dare
 The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,
 And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.

At length the finish'd garden to the view
 Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.

First Part.

C

Snatch'd thro' the verdant maze, the hurried eye
Distracted wanders; now the bowery walk
Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day
Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted sweeps;
Now meets the bending sky; the river now
Dimpling along, the breezy ruffled lake,
The forest darkening round, the glittering spire,
Th' ethereal mountain, and the distant main.
But why so far excursive? when at hand,
Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,
And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,
Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace;
Throws out the snow-drop, and the crocus first;
The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes;
The yellow wall-flower, stain'd with iron brown;
And lavish stock that scents the garden round:
From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
Anemonies; auriculas, enrich'd
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves;
And full ranunculas, of glowing red.
Then comes the tulip-race, where Beauty plays
Her idle freaks; from family diffus'd
To family, as flies the father-dust,
The varied colours run; and, while they *break*
On the charm'd eye, th' exulting florist marks,
With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.
No gradual bloom is wanting; from the bud,
First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes:
Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,
Low-bent, and blushing inward; nor jonquils,

Of potent fragrance ; nor Narcissus fair ,
 As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still ;
 Nor broad carnations , nor gay-spotted pinks ;
 Nor , shower'd from every bush , the damask-rose.
 Infinite numbers , delicacies , smells ,
 With hues on hues expression cannot paint ,
 The breath of Nature , and her endless bloom.

HAIL , SOURCE OF BEING ! UNIVERSAL SOUL
 Of Heaven and earth ! ESSENTIAL PRESENCE , hail !
 To THEE I bend the knee ; to THEE my thoughts ,
 Continual , climb ; who , with a master-hand ,
 Hast the great whole into perfection touch'd.
 By THEE the various vegetative tribes ,
 Wrapt in a filmy net , and clad with leaves ,
 Draw the live ether , and imbibe the dew :
 By THEE dispos'd into congenial soils ,
 Stands each attractive plant , and sucks , and swells
 The juicy tide ; a twining mass of tubes.
 At THY command the vernal sun awakes
 The torpid sap , detruded to the root
 By wintry winds , that now in fluent dance ,
 And lively fermentation , mounting , spreads
 All this innumerable-coloured scene of things.

As rising from the vegetable world
 My theme ascends , with equal wing ascend ,
 My panting Muse ; and hark , how loud the woods
 Invite you forth in all your gayest trim.
 Lend me your song , ye nightingales ! oh pour
 The mazy-running soul of melody
 Into my varied verse ! while I deduce ,
 From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings ,

The symphony of Spring, and touch a theme
Unknown to fame, *the Passion of the groves.*

When first the soul of love is sent abroad,
Warm thro' the vital air, and on the heart
Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,
In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing;
And try again the long-forgotten strain,
At first faint-warbled. But no sooner grows
The soft infusion prevalent, and wide,
Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
In music unconfin'd. Up-springs the lark,
Shrill-voic'd, and loud, the messenger of morn;
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse
Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush
Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads
Of the coy quiristers that lodge within,
Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush
And wood-lark, o'er the kind-contending throng
Superior heard, run thro' the sweetest length
Of notes; when listening *Philomela* deigns
To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
Elate, to make her night excel their day.
The black-bird whistles from the thorny brake;
The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove:
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these
Innumerable songsters, in the freshening shade
Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix
Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,

And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
Aid the full concert : while the stock dove breathes
A melancholy murmur thro' the whole.

'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of love ;
That even to birds, and beasts, the tender arts
Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind
Try every winning way inventive love
Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates
Pour forth their little souls. First, wide around,
With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,
Endeavouring by a thousand tricks to catch
The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance
Of the regardless charmer. Should she seem
Softening the least approbance to bestow,
Their colours burnish, and by hope inspir'd,
They brisk advance ; then, on a sudden struck,
Retire disorder'd ; then again approach ;
In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,
And shiver every feather with desire.

Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods
They haste away, all as their fancy leads,
Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts ;
That NATURE's *great command* may be obey'd :
Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly-hedge
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some ;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn
Commit their feeble offspring : the cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few,
Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.

Others apart far in the grassy dale,
Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave.
But most in woodland solitudes delight,
In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
Whose murmurs sooth them all the live-long day,
When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots
Of hazel, pendant o'er the plaintive stream,
They frame the first foundation of their domes;
Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
But restless hurry thro' the busy air,
Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps
The slimy pool, to build his hanging house
Intent. And often from the careless back
Of herds and flocks a thousand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when unobserv'd,
Steal from the barn a straw: till soft and warm,
Clean, and complete, their habitation grows.

As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
Not to be tempted from her tender task,
Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight,
Tho' the whole loosened Spring around her blows,
Her sympathizing lover takes his stand
High on th' opponent bank, and ceaseless sings
The tedious time away; or else supplies
Her place a moment, while she sudden flits
To pick the scanty meal. Th' appointed time
With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young,
Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,

A helpless family demanding food
 With constant clamour. O what passions then,
 What melting sentiments of kindly care,
 On the new parents seize ! Away they fly
 Affectionate, and undesiring bear
 The most delicious morsel to their young ;
 Which equally distributed , again
 The search begins. Even so a gentle pair,
 By fortune sunk , but form'd of generous mold,
 And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast ,
 In some lone cott amid the distant woods ,
 Sustain'd alone by providential HEAVEN ,
 Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train ,
 Check their own appetites, and give them all.

Nor toil alone they scorn : exalting love ,
 By the great FATHER OF THE SPRING inspir'd ,
 Gives instant courage to the *fearful* race ,
 And to the *simple* art. With stealthy wing ,
 Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest ,
 Amid a neighbouring bush they silent drop ,
 And whirring thence , as if alarm'd , deceive
 Th' unfeeling school-boy. Hence , around the head
 Of wandering swain, the white-wing'd plover wheels
 Her sounding flight , and then directly on
 In long excursion skims the level lawn ,
 To tempt bim from her nest. The wild-duck , hence ,
 O'er the rough moss , and o'er the trackless waste
 The heath-hen flutters , pious fraud ! to lead
 The hot pursuing spaniel far astray.

Be not the Muse asham'd , here to bemoan
 Her brothers of the grove , by tyrant Man

Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
From liberty confin'd, and boundless air.
Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,
Ragged, and all its brightening lustre lost;
Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes,
Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.
O then ye friends of love and love-taught song,
Spare the soft tribes, this barbarous art forbear;
If on your bosom innocence can win,
Music engage, or piety persuade.

But let not chief the nightingale lament
Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd
To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.
Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,
Th' astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest,
By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls;
Her pinions ruffle, and low-drooping scarce
Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade;
Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings
Her sorrows thro' the night; and, on the bough,
Sole-sitting, still at every dying fall
Takes up again her lamentable strain
Of winding woe; till, wide around, the woods
Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound.

But now the feather'd youth their former bounds,
Ardent, disdain; and, weighing oft their wings,
Demand the free possession of the sky:
This one glad office more, and then dissolves
Parental love at once, now needless grown.
Unlavish *Wisdom* never works in vain.

'Tis on some evening, sunny, grateful, mild,
When nought but balm is breathing thro' the woods,
With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes
Visit the spacious heavens, and look abroad
On Nature's common, far as they can see,
Or wing, their range and pasture. O'er the boughs
Dancing about, still at the giddy verge
Their resolution fails; their pinions still,
In loose libration stretch'd, to trust the void
Trembling refuse: till down before them fly
The parent-guides, and chide, exhort, command,
Or push them off. The surging air receives
Its plummy burden; and their self-taught wings
Winnow the waving element. On ground
Alighted, bolder up again they lead,
Farther and farther on, the lengthening flight;
Till vanish'd every fear, and every power
Rouz'd into life and action, light in air
Th' acquitted parents see their soaring race,
And once-rejoicing never know them more.

High from the summit of a craggy cliff,
Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing frowns
On utmost *Kilda's* (1) shore, whose lonely race
Resign the setting sun to *Indian* worlds,
The royal eagle draws his vigorous young,
Strong-pounc'd, and ardent with paternal fire.
Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own,
He drives them from his fort, the towering seat,
For ages, of his empire; which, in peace,

(1) The farthest of the western islands of Scotland.

Unstain'd he holds, while many a league to sea
He wings his course, and preys in distant isles.

Should I my steps turn to the rural seat,
Whose lofty elms, and venerable oaks,
Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs,
In early Spring, his airy city builds,
And ceaseless caws amusive; there, well-pleas'd,
I might the various polity survey
Of the mixt household kind. The careful hen
Calls all her chirping family around,
Fed and defended by the fearless cock,
Whose breast with ardour flames, as on he walks,
Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond,
The finely-checker'd duck, before her train,
Rows garrulous. The stately sailing swan
Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale:
And arching proud his neck, with oary feet
Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier-isle,
Protective of his young. The turkey high,
Loud-threatening, reddens; while the peacock spreads
His every-colour'd glory to the sun,
And swims in radiant majesty along.
O'er the whole homely scene, the cooing dove
Flies thick in amorous chace, and wanton rolls
The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck.

While thus the gentle tenants of the shade
Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world
Of brutes, below, rush furious into flame,
And fierce desire. Thro' all his lusty veins
The bull, deep-scorch'd, the raging passion feels.
Of pasture sick, and negligent of food,

Scarce seen, he wades among the yellow broom,
 While o'er his ample sides the rambling sprays
 Luxuriant shoot; or thro' the mazy wood
 Dejected wanders, nor th' enticing bud
 Crops, tho' it presses on his careless sense.
 And oft, in jealous madning fancy wrapt,
 He seeks the fight; and, idly-butting, feigns
 His rival gor'd in every knotty trunk.
 Him should he meet, the bellowing war begins:
 Their eyes flash fury; to the hollow'd earth,
 Whence the sand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,
 And groaning deep, th' impetuous battle mix;
 While the fair heifer, balmy breathing, near,
 Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling steed,
 With this hot impulse seiz'd in every nerve,
 Nor heeds the rein, nor hears the sounding thong;
 Blows are not felt; but tossing high his head,
 And by the well-known joy to distant plains
 Attracted strong, all wild he bursts away,
 O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains flies;
 And, neighing, on the aërial summit takes
 Th' exciting gale; then, steep-descending, cleaves
 The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,
 Even where the madness of the straiten'd stream
 Turns in black eddies round: such is the force
 With which his frantic heart and sinews swell.

Nor undelighted by the boundless Spring
 Are the broad monsters of the foaming deep:
 From the deep ooze and gelid cavern rous'd,
 They flounce and tumble in unwieldy joy.
 Dire were the strain, and dissonant, to sing

The cruel raptures of the savage kind :
 How by this flame their native wrath sublim'd,
 They roam, amid the fury of their heart,
 The far-resounding waste in fiercer bands,
 And growl their horrid loves. But this, the theme
 I sing, enraptur'd, to the BRITISH FAIR,
 Forbids, and leads me to the mountain-brow,
 Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf,
 Inhaling, healthful, the descending sun.
 Around him feeds his many-bleating flock,
 Of various cadence; and his sportive lambs,
 This way and that convolv'd, in friskful glee,
 Their frolicks play. And now the sprightly race
 Invites them forth; when swift, the signal given,
 They start away, and sweep the massy mound
 That runs around the hill; the rampart once
 Of iron war, in ancient barbarous times,
 When disunited BRITAIN ever bled,
 Lost in eternal broil : ere yet she grew
 To this deep-laid indissoluble state,
 Where *Wealth* and *Commerce* lift their golden heads;
 And o'er our labours, *Liberty* and *Law*,
 Impartial, watch : the wonder of a world !

What is this *mighty Breath*, ye Sages, say,
 That, in a powerful language, felt not heard,
 Instructs the fowls of heaven ; and thro' their breast
 These arts of love diffuses ? What, but God ?
 Inspiring God ! who boundless Spirit all,
 And unremitting Energy, pervades,
 Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole.
 He ceaseless works *alone* ; and yet *alone*

Seems not to work : with such perfection fram'd
Is this complex stupendous scheme of things.
But, tho' conceal'd, to every purer eye
Th' informing Author in his works appears :
Chief, lovely Spring, in thee, and thy soft scenes,
The SMILING GOD is seen ; while water, earth,
And air attest his bounty ; which exalts
The brute creation to this finer thought,
And annual melts their undesigning hearts
Profusely thus in tenderness and joy.

Still let my song a nobler note assume,
And sing th' infusive force of Spring on Man ;
When heaven and earth, as if contending, vye
To raise his being, and serene his soul,
Can he forbear to join the general smile
Of Nature ? Can fierce passions vex his breast,
While every gale is peace, and every grove
Is melody ? Hence ! from the bounteous walks
Of flowing Spring, ye sordid sons of earth,
Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe,
Or only lavish to yourselves ; away !
But come, ye generous minds, in whose wide thought,
Of all his works, CREATIVE BOUNTY burns
With warmest beam ; and on your open front
And liberal eye, sits, from his dark retreat
Inviting modest Want. Nor, till invok'd
Can restless goodness wait ; your active search
Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplor'd ;
Like silent-working HEAVEN, surprising oft
The lonely heart with unexpected good.
For you the roving spirit of the wind

Blows Spring abroad ; for you the teeming clouds
 Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the world ;
 And the sun sheds his kindest rays for you,
 Ye flower of human race ! In these green days,
 Reviving Sickness lifts her languid head ;
 Life flows afresh ; and young-ey'd Health exalts
 The whole creation round. Contentment walks
 The sunny glade , and feels an inward bliss
 Spring o'er his mind , beyond the power of kings
 To purchase. Pure serenity apace
 Induces thought , and contemplation still.
 By swift degrees the love of Nature works,
 And warms the bosom ; till at last sublim'd
 To rapture , and enthusiastic heat ,
 We feel the present DERRY , and taste
 The joy of God to see a happy world !

These are the sacred feelings of thy heart ,
 Thy heart inform'd by reason's purer ray ,
 O LYTTLETON , the friend ! thy passions thus
 And meditations vary , as at large ,
 Courting the Muse , thro' *Hagley Park* thou strays
 Thy *British Tempe* ! There along the dale ,
 With woods o'er-hung , and shagg'd with mossy rock
 Whence on each hand the gushing waters play ,
 And down the rough cascade white-dashing fall ,
 Or gleam in lengthened vista thro' the trees ,
 You silent steal ; or sit beneath the shade
 Of solemn oaks , that tuft the swelling mounts
 Thrown graceful round by Nature's careless hand ,
 And pensive listen to the various voice
 Of rural peace : the herds , the flocks , the birds ,

The hollow-whispering breeze, the plaint of rills,
That, purling down amid the twisted roots
Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake
On the sooth'd ear. From these abstracted oft,
You wander thro' the philosophic world;
Where in bright train continual wonders rise,
Or to the curious or the pious eye.
And oft, conducted by historic truth,
You tread the long extent of backward time:
Planning, with warm benevolence of mind,
And honest zeal unwarp'd by party-rage,
BRITANNIA's weal; how from the venal gulph
To raise her virtue, and her arts revive.
Or, turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts
The Muses charm: while, with sure taste refin'd,
You draw th' inspiring breath of ancient song;
Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own.
Perhaps thy lov'd LUCINDA shares thy walk,
With soul to thine attun'd. Then Nature all
Wears to the lover's eye a look of love;
And all the tumult of a guilty world,
Tost by ungenerous passions, sinks away.
The tender heart is animated peace;
And as it pours its copious treasure forth,
In varied converse, softening every theme,
You, frequent-pausing, turn; and from her eyes,
Where meekened sense, and amiable grace,
And lively sweetness dwell, enraptur'd, drink
That nameless spirit of ethereal joy,
Unutterable happiness! which love,
Alone, bestows, and on a *favour'd few*.

Meantime you gain the height, from whose fair brow
The bursting prospect spreads immense around :
And snatch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood and lay
And verdant field, and darkening heath between,
And villages embosom'd soft in trees,
And spiry towns by surging columns mark'd
Of household smoak, your eye excursive roams :
Wide-stretching from the *Hall*, in whose kind haunt
The *Hospitable Genius* lingers still,
To where the broken landskip, by degrees,
Ascending, roughens into rigid hills ;
O'er which the *Cambrian* mountains, like far clouds
That skirt the blue horizon, dusky rise.

FLUSH'D by the spirit of the genial year,
Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom
Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round ;
Her lips blush deeper sweets ; she breathes of youth ;
The shining moisture swells into her eyes,
In brighter flow ; her wishing bosom heaves,
With palpitations wild ; kind tumults seize
Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.
From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
Full of the dear exstatic power, and sick
With sighing languishment. Ah then, ye fair !
Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts :
Dare not th' infectious sigh, the pleading look,
Down-cast, and low, in meek submission drest,
But full of guile. Let not the fervent-tongue,
Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth,
Gain on your purpos'd will. Nor in the bower,
Where woodbinds flaunt, and roses shed a couch,

While Evening draws her-crimson curtains round,
Trust your soft minutes with betraying Man.

And let th' aspiring youth beware of love,
Of the smooth glance beware; for 'tis too late,
When on his heart the torrent-softness pours.
Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame
Dissolves in air away; while the fond soul,
Wrapt in gay visions of unreal bliss,
Still paints th' illusive form; the kindling grace;
Th' inticing smile; the modest-seeming eye,
Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying heaven,
Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death:
And still false-warbling in his cheated ear,
Her syren voice, enchanting, draws him on
To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy.

Even present, in the very lap of love
Inglorious laid; while music flows around,
Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours;
Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears
Her snaky crest: a quick-returning pang
Shoots thro' the conscious heart; where honour still,
And great design, against the oppressive load
Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave.

But absent, what fantastic woes, arous'd,
Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed,
Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life!
Neglected fortune flies; and sliding swift,
Prone into ruin, fall his scorn'd affairs.
'Tis nought but gloom around: The darkened sun
Loses his light. The rosy-bosom'd Spring
To weeping Fancy pines; and yon bright arch,

Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.
All Nature fades extinct ; and she alone
Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,
Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.
Books are but formal dulness, tedious friends ;
And sad amid the social band he sits,
Lonely, and unattentive. From his tongue
Th' unfinished period falls : while, borne away
On swelling thought, his wafted spirit flies
To the vain bosom of his distant fair ;
And leaves the semblance of a lover, fix'd
In melancholy site, with head declin'd,
And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,
Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs
To glimmering shades, and sympathetic glooms ;
Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling stream,
Romantic, hangs ; there thro' the pensive dusk
Strays, in heart thrilling meditation lost,
Indulging all to love ; or on the bank
Thrown, amid drooping lilies, swells the breeze
With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears.
Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day,
Nor quits his deep retirement, till the Moon
Peeps thro' the chambers of the fleecy east,
Enlighten'd by degrees, and in her train
Leads on the gentle hours ; then forth he walks,
Beneath the trembling languish of her beam,
With softened soul ; and woos the bird of eve
To mingle woes with his : or, while the world
And all the sons of Care lie hush'd in sleep,
Associates with the midnight shadows drear ;

And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours
His idly-tortur'd heart into the page,
Meant for the moving messenger of love;
Where rapture burns on rapture, every line
With rising frenzy fir'd. But if on bed
Delirious flung, sleep from his pillow flies.
All night he tosses, nor the balmy power
In any posture finds; till the grey morn
Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,
Exanimate by love: and then perhaps
Exhausted Nature sinks a while to rest,
Still interrupted by distracted dreams,
That o'er the sick imagination rise
And in black colours paint the mimic scene.
Oft with th' enchantress of his soul he talks;
Sometimes in crouds distress'd; or if retir'd
The secret winding flower-enwoven bowers,
Far from the dull impertinence of Man,
Just as he, credulous, his endless cares
Begins to lose in blind oblivious love,
Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how,
Thro' forests huge, and long untravel'd heaths
With desolation brown, he wanders waste,
In night and tempest wrapt; or shrinks aghast,
Back, from the bending precipice; or wades
The turbid stream below, and strives to reach
The farther shore; where succourless, and sad,
She with extended arms his aid implores;
But strives in vain: borne by th' outrageous flood
To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks.

These are the charming agonies of love,
Whose misery delights. But thro' the heart
Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
'Tis then delightful misery no more,
But agony unmix'd, incessant gall,
Corroding every thought, and blasting all
Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects, then,
Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,
Farewel! Ye gleamings of departed peace,
Shine out your last! the yellow-tinging plague
Internal vision taints, and in a night
Of livid gloom imagination wraps.
Ah then! instead of love-enliven'd cheeks,
Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes
With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed,
Suffus'd and glaring with untender fire;
A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek,
Where the whole poison'd soul, malignant sits,
And frightens love away. Ten thousand fears
Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views
Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms
For which he melts in fondness, eat him up
With fervent anguish, and consuming rage.
In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,
Deceitful pride, and resolution frail,
Giving false peace a moment. Fancy pours,
Afresh, her beauties on his busy thought,
Her first endearments twining round the soul,
With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love.
Straight the fierce storm involves his mind anew,
Flames thro' the nerves, and boils along the veins;

anxious doubt distracts the tortur'd heart :
 in the sad assurance of his fears
 ease to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,
 love deludes into his thorny wilds,
 lowery-tempting paths, or leads a life
 red rapture, or of cruel care ;
 hottest flames extinguished all, and all
 hottest moments running down to waste.
 happy they ! the happiest of their kind !
 gentler stars unite, and in one fate
 hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
 the coarser tie of human laws,
 real oft, and foreign to the mind,
 ends their peace, but harmony itself,
 g all their passions into love ;
 friendship full-exerts her softest power,
 esteem enlivened by desire
 le, and sympathy of soul ;
 it meeting thought, and will preventing will,
 boundless confidence : for nought but love
 answer love, and render bliss secure.
 a, ungenerous, who, alone intent
 s himself, from sordid parents buys
 thing virgin, in eternal care,
 erited, consume his nights and days :
 barous nations, whose inhuman love
 desire, fierce as the suns they feel ;
 tern tyrants, from the light of Heaven
 their bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd
 eer, lifeless, violated form :
 those whom love cements in holy faith,

And equal transport, free as Nature live,
Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all!
Who in each other clasp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish;
Something than beauty dearer, should they look
Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face;
Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,
The richest bounty of indulgent HEAVEN.
Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
The human blossom blows; and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, shews some new charm,
The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.
Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind;
To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
Oh speak the joy! ye, whom the sudden tear
Surprizes often, while you look around,
And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
All various Nature pressing on the heart:
An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease, and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving HEAVEN.
These are the matchless joys of virtuous love;
And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,

As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy; and consenting SPRING
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads :
Till evening comes at last, serene and mild ;
When after the long vernal day of life ,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollected love ,
Together down they sink in social sleep ;
Together freed , their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

S U M M E R.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Invocation. Address to *MA. DOMINION*. An introductory reflection on the motion of the heavenly bodies; whence the succession of the seasons. As the face of Nature in this season is almost uniform, the progress of the poem is a description of a summer's day. The dawn. Sun-rising. Hymn to the sun. Forenoon. Summer insects described. Hay-making. Sheep-shearing. Noon-day. A woodland retreat. Group of herds and flocks. A solemn grove : how it affects a contemplative mind. A cataract, and rude scene. View of Summer in the torrid zone. Storm of thunder and lightning. A tale. The storm over, a serene afternoon. Bathing. Hour of walking. Transition to the prospect of a rich well-cultivated country; which introduces a panegyric on *GREAT BRITAIN*. Sun-set. Evening. Night. Summer meteors. A comet. The whole concluding with the praise of philosophy.

FROM brightening fields of ether fair disclos'd,
Child of the Sun, refulgent SUMMER comes,
In pride of youth, and felt thro' Nature's depth;
He comes attended by the sultry *hours*,
And ever fanning *breezes*, on his way;
While, from his ardent look, the turning *SPRING*
Averts her blushful face; and earth, and skies,
All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

Hence, let me haste into the mid-wood shade,
Where scarce a sun-beam wanders thro' the gloom;
And on the dark-green grass, beside the brink

Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak
Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,
And sing the glories of the circling year.

Come, *Inspiration* ! from thy hermit-seat,
By mortal seldom found : may Fancy dare,
From thy fix'd serious eye, and raptur'd glance
Shot on surrounding Heaven, to steal one look
Creative of the Poet, every power
Exalting to an ecstasy of soul.

And thou, my youthful Muse's early friend,
In whom the human graces all unite :
Pure light of mind, and tenderness of heart ;
Genius, and wisdom ; the gay social sense,
By decency chastis'd ; goodness and wit,
In seldom-meeting harmony combin'd ;
Unblemish'd honour, and an active zeal
For BRITAIN'S glory, Liberty, and Man :
O DODINGTON ! attend my rural song,
Stoop to my theme, inspirit every line,
And teach me to deserve thy just applause.

With what an awful world-revolving power
Were first the unwieldy planets launch'd along
Th' illimitable void ! Thus to remain,
Amid the flux of many thousand years,
That oft has swept the toiling race of Men,
And all their labour'd monuments away,
Firm, unremitting, matchless, in their course ;
To the kind-temper'd change of night and day,
And of the seasons ever stealing round,
Minutely faithful : Such TH' ALL-PERFECT HAND,
That pois'd, impels, and rules the steady WHOLE.

First Part.

D

When now no more th' alternate *Twins* are fir'd,
 And *Cancer* reddens with the solar blaze,
 Short is the doubtful empire of the night;
 And soon, observant of approaching day,
 The meek-ey'd Morn appears, mother of dews,
 At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east:
 Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow;
 And, from before the lustre of her face,
 White break the clouds away. With quickened step,
 Brown Night retires: Young Day pours in apace,
 And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
 The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top
 Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
 Blue, thro' the dusk, the smoaking currents shine;
 And from the bladed field the fearful hare
 Limp, awkward: while along the forest-glade
 The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
 At early passenger. Music awakes
 The native voice of undissembled joy;
 And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
 Rous'd by the cock, the soen-clad shepherd leaves
 His mossy cottage, where with *Peace* he dwells;
 And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
 His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.

Falsely luxurious, will not Man awake;
 And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
 The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
 To meditation due and sacred song?
 For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?
 To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
 The fleeting moments of too short a life?

Total extinction of the enlightened soul !
Or else to feverish vanity alive ,
Wildered , and tossing thro' distemper'd dreams ?
Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than Nature 'craves ; when every Muse
And every blooming pleasure wait without ,
To bless the wildly devious morning-walk ?

But yonder comes the powerful King of Day ,
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud ,
The kindling azure , and the mountain's brow
Illum'd with fluid gold , his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo ! now , apparent all ,
Aslant the dew-bright earth , and coloured air ,
He looks in boundless majesty abroad ;
And sheds the shining day , that burnish'd plays
On rocks , and hills , and towers , and wandering streams ,
High gleaming from afar. Prime chearer Light !
Of all material beings first , and best !
Efflux divine ! Nature's resplendent robe !
Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
In unessential gloom ; and thou , O Sun !
Soul of surrounding worlds ! in whom best seen
Shines out thy Maker ! may I sing of thee ?

'Tis by thy secret , strong , attractive force ,
As with a chain indissoluble bound ,
Thy system rolls entire ; from the far bourne
Of utmost *Saturn* , wheeling wide his round
Of thirty years ; to *Mercury* , whose disk
Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye ,
Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.

Informer of the planetary train !

Without whose quickening glance their cumbrous o
Were brute unlovely mass, inert and dead;
And not, as now, the green abodes of life!
How many forms of being wait on thee!
Inhaling spirit! from th' unfettered mind,
By thee sublim'd, down to the daily race,
The mixing myriads of thy setting beam.

The vegetable world is also thine,
Parent of *Seasons*! who the pomp preceede
That waits thy throne, as thro' thy vast domain,
Annual, along the bright æliptic road,
In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime.
Mean-time, th' expecting nations, circled gay
With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up
A common hymn: while round thy beaming car,
High-seen, the *Seasons* lead, in sprightly dance
Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd *Hours*,
The *Zephyrs* floating loose, the timely *Rains*,
Of bloom ethereal the light-footed *Dews*,
And softened into joy the surly *Storms*.
These, in successive turn, with lavish hand,
Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower,
Herbs, flowers, and fruits; till, kindling at thy touch
From land to land is flush'd the vernal year.

Nor to the surface of enlivened earth,
Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy woods,
Her liberal tresses, is thy force confin'd:
But, to the bowel'd cavern darting deep,
The mineral kinds confess thy mighty power.
Effulgent, hence the veiny marble shines;

Hence labour draws his tools ; hence burnish'd War
Gleams on the day ; the nobler works of Peace
Hence bless mankind, and generous Commerce binds
The round of nations in a golden chain.

The unfruitful rock itself, impregn'd by thee ,
In dark retirement forms the lucid stone.

The lively Diamond drinks thy purest rays ,
Collected light, compact ; that, polish'd bright ,
And all its native lustre let abroad ,

Dares, as it sparkles on the fair one's breast ,
With vain ambition emulate her eyes.

At thee the Ruby lights its deepening glow ,
And with a waving radiance inward flames.

From thee the Sapphire, solid ether , takes
Its hue cerulean ; and, of evening tinct ,
The purple-streaming Amethyst is thine.

With thy own smile the yellow-Topaz burns.

Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring ,
When first she gives it to the southern gale ,
Than the green Emerald shows. But, all combin'd
Thick thro' the whitening Opal play thy beams ;
Or, flying several from its surface, form
A trembling variance of revolving hues ,
As the site varies in the gazer's hand.

The very dead creation, from thy touch ,
Assumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd ,
In brighter mazes the relucient stream
Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt ,
Projecting horror on the blackened flood ,
Softens at thy return. The desert joys
Wildly, thro' all his melancholy bounds.

Rude ruins glitter ; and the briny deep ,
Seen from some pointed promontory's top ,
Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge ,
Restless , reflects a floating gleam . But this ,
And all the much-transported Muse can sing ,
Are to thy beauty , dignity , and use ,
Unequal far ; great delegated source
Of light , and life , and grace , and joy below !

How shall I then attempt to sing of HIM ,
Who, LIGHT HIMSELF , in uncreated light
Invested deep , dwells awfully retir'd-
From mortal eye , or angel's purer ken ?
Whose single smile has , from the first of time ,
Fill'd , overflowing , all those lamps of Heaven ,
That beam for ever thro' the boundless sky :
But , should he hide his face , th' astonish'd sun ,
And all th' extinguish'd stars , would loosening reel
Wide from their spheres , and Chaos come again .

And yet was every faltering tongue of Man ,
ALMIGHTY FATHER ! silent in thy praise ,
Thy Works themselves would raise a general voice ,
Even in the depth of solitary woods
By human foot untrod ; proclaim thy power ,
And to the quire celestial THEE resound ,
Th' eternal cause , support , and end of all .

To me be nature's volume broad-display'd ;
And to peruse its ill-instructing page ,
Or , haply catching inspiration thence ,
Some easy passage , raptur'd , to translate ,
My sole delight ; as thro' the falling glooms
Pensive I stray , or with the rising dawn

In Fancy's eagle-wing excursive soar.

Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent sun
Melts into limpid air the high-raised clouds,
And morning fogs, that hovered round the hills
In party-colour'd bands; till wide unveil'd
The face of Nature shines, from where earth seems,
Far-stretch'd around, to meet the bending sphere.

Half in a blush of clustering roses lost,
Dew-dropping *Coolness* to the shade retires;
There, on the verdant turf, or flowery bed,
By gelid founts and careless rills to muse;
While tyrant *Heat*, disspreading thro' the sky,
With rapid sway, his burning influence darts
On Man, and beast, and herb, and tepid stream.

Who can unpitying see the flowery race,
Shed by the morn, their new-flush'd bloom resign,
Before the parching beam? So fade the fair,
When fevers revel thro' their azure veins.
But one, the lofty follower of the sun,
Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,
Drooping all night; and, when he warm returns,
Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray.

Home, from his morning task, the swain retreats;
His flock before him stepping to the fold:
While the full-udder'd mother lows around
The chearful cottage, then expecting food,
The food of innocence, and health! The Daw,
The rook and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks
That the calm village in their verdant arms,
Beltering, embrace, direct their lazy flight;
Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd,

All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.
Faint, underneath, the household fowls convene;
And, in a corner of the buzzing shade,
The house-dog, with the vacant greyhound, lies,
Out-stretch'd, and sleepy. In his slumbers one
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
O'er hill and dale; till, wakened by the wasp,
They starting snap. Nor shall the Muse disdain
To let the little noisy summer-race
Live in her lay, and flutter thro' her song:
Not mean tho' simple; to the sun ally'd,
From him they draw their animating fire.

WAK'D by his warmer ray, the reptile young
Come wing'd abroad; by the light air upborne,
Lighter, and full of soul. From every chink,
And secret corner, where they slept away
The wintry storms; or rising from their tombs,
To higher life; by myriads, forth at once,
Swarming they pour; of all the vary'd hues
Their beauty-beaming parent can disclose.
Ten thousand forms, ten thousand different tribes,
People the blaze. To sunny waters some
By fatal instinct fly; where on the pool
They, sportive, wheel; or sailing down the stream,
Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-ey'd trout,
Or darting salmon. Thro' the green-wood glade
Some love to stray; there lodg'd, amus'd and fed,
In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make
The meads their choice, and visit every flower,
And every latent herb: for the sweet task,
To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,

In what soft beds, their young yet undisclos'd,
Employs their tender care. Some to the house,
The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight;
Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese:
Oft, inadvertent, from the milky stream
They meet their fate; or, weltering in the bowl,
With powerless wings around them wrapt, expire.

But chief to heedless flies the window proves
A constant death; where, gloomily retir'd,
The villain spider lives, cunning, and fierce,
Mixture abhor'd! Amid a mangled heap
Of carcasses, in eager watch he sits,
O'erlooking all his waving snares around.
Near the dire cell the dreadless wanderer oft
Passes, as oft the ruffian shows his front;
The prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts,
With rapid glide, along the leaning line;
And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
Strikes backward grimly pleas'd: the fluttering wing,
And shriller sound declare extreme distress,
And ask the helping hospitable hand.

Resounds the living surface of the ground:
Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum,
To him who muses thro' the woods at noon;
Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclin'd,
With half-shut eyes, beneath the floating shade
Of willows grey, close-crouding o'er the brook.

Gradual, from these what numerous kinds descend,
Evading even the microscopic eye!
Full Nature swarms with life; one wondrous mass
Of animals, or atoms organiz'd,

Waiting the *vital Breath*, when PARENT-HEAVEN
Shall bid his spirit blow. The hoary fen,
In putrid steams, emits the living cloud
Of pestilence. Thro' subterranean cells,
Where searching sun-beams scarce can find a way,
Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf
Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure,
Within its winding citadel, the stone
Holds multitudes. But chief the forest-boughs,
That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze,
The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed
Of evanescent insects. Where the pool
Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible,
Amid the floating verdure millions stray.
Each liquid too, whether it pierces, soothes,
Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,
With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream
Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,
Tho' one transparent vacancy it seems,
Void of their unseen people. These, conceal'd
By the kind art of forming HEAVEN, escape
The grosser eye of Man : for, if the worlds
In worlds inclos'd should on his senses burst,
From cates ambrosial, and the nectar'd bowl,
He would abhorrent turn ; and in dead night,
When silence sleeps o'er all, be stunn'd with noise.

Let no presuming impious railer tax
CREATIVE WISDOM, as if aught was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable ends.
Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce

His works unwise , of which the smallest part
 Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind ?
 As if upon a full proportion'd dome ,
 On swelling columns heav'd , the pride of art ,
 A critic fly , whose feeble ray scarce spreads
 An inch around , with blind presumption bold ,
 Should dare to tax the structure of the whole .
 And lives the Man , whose universal eye
 Has swept at once th' unbounded scheme of things ;
 Mark'd their dependance so , and firm accord ,
 As with unfaltering accent to conclude
 That *This* availeth nought ? Has any seen
 The mighty chain of beings , lessening down
 From INFINITE PERFECTION to the brink
 Of dreary *Nothing* , desolate abyss !
 From which astonish'd thought , recoiling , turns ?
 Till then alone let zealous praise ascend ,
 And hymns of holy wonder , to that Power ,
 Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds ,
 As on our smiling eyes his servant-sun .

Thick in yon stream of light , a thousand ways ,
 Upward ; and downward , thwarting , and convolv'd ,
 The quivering nations sport ; till , tempest-wing'd ,
 Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day .
 Even so luxurious Men , unheeding , pass
 An idle summer life in fortune's shine ,
 A season's glitter ! Thus they flutter on
 From toy to toy , from vanity to vice ;
 Till , blown away by death , oblivion comes
 Behind , and strikes them from the book of life .

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead :

The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
Healthful and strong; full as the summer-rose
Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid,
Half-naked, swelling on the sight, and all
Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek,
Even stooping age is here; and infant-hands
Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load
O'ercharg'd, amid the kind oppression roll.
Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
They spread the breathing harvest to the sun,
That throws refreshful round a rural smell:
Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,
And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
The russet hay-cock rises thick behind,
In order gay. While heard from dale to dale,
Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
Of happy labour, love, and social glee.

Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,
They drive the troubled flock, by many a dog
Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook
Forms a deep pool; this bank abrupt and high,
And that fair spreading in a pebbled shore.
Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
The clamour much, of men, and boys, and dogs,
Ere the soft fearful people to the flood
Commit their woolly sides. And oft the swain,
On some impatient seizing, hurls them in:
Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,
Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,
And panting labour to the farthest shore.

Repeated this, till deep the well-wash'd fleece
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt
The trout is banish'd by the sordid stream;
Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow
Slow move the harmless race : where, as they spread
Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
Inly disturb'd, and wondering what this wild
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
The country fill; and, toss'd from rock to rock,
Incessant bleatings run around the hills.
At last, of snowy white, the gathered flocks
Are in the wattled pen innumerable press'd,
Head above head : and rang'd in lusty rows
The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
With all her gay-drest maids attending round.
One, chief, in gracious dignity enthron'd,
Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays
Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd-king;
While the glad circle round them yield their souls
To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
Meantime, their joyous task goes on apace :
Some mingling stir the melted tar, and some,
Deep on the new-shorn, vagrant's heaving side,
To stamp his master's cypher ready stand;
Others th' unwilling wether drag along;
And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy
Holds by the twisted horns th' indignant ram.
Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft,
By needy Man, that all-depending lord,
How meek, how patient, the mild creatures lie !

What softness in its melancholy face,
What dumb complaining innocence appears!
Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife
Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you wav'd;
No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,
Who having now, to pay his annual care,
Borrowed your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
Will send you bounding to your hills again.

A simple scene! yet hence BRITANNIA sees
Her solid grandeur rise : hence she commands
Th' exalted stores of every brighter clime,
The treasures of the sun without his rage :
Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,
Wide glows her land : her dreadful thunder hence
Rides o'er the waves sublime, and now, even now
Impending hangs o'er *Gallia's* humbled coast ;
Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.

'Tis raging Noon; and, vertical, the sun
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
Can sweep, a dazling deluge reigns; and all
From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze.
In vain the sight, dejected to the ground,
Stoops for relief; thence hot-ascending steams
And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root
Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields
And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,
Blast Fancy's bloom, and wither even the Soul.
Echo no more returns the chearful sound
Of sharpening scythe : the mower sinking heaps
O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd;

And scarce a chirping grass-hopper is heard
Thro' the dumb mead. Distressful Nature pants.
The very streams look languid from afar;
Or, thro' th' unshelter'd glade, impatient, seem
To hurl into the covert of the grove.

All-conquering Heat, oh intermit thy wrath!
And on my throbbing temples potent thus
Beam not so fierce! Incessant still you flow,
And still another fervent flood succeeds,
Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,
And restless turn, and look around for Night;
Night is far off; and hotter hours approach.
Thrice happy he! who on the sunless side
Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd,
Beneath the whole collected shade reclines:
Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,
And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting streams,
Sits coolly calm; while all the world without,
Unsatisfied, and sick, tosses in noon.
Emblem instructive of the virtuous man,
Who keeps his temper'd mind serene, and pure,
And every passion aptly harmoniz'd,
Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd.

Welcome, ye shades! ye bowery thickets, hail!
Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks!
Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep!
Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
As to the hunted hart the sallying spring,
Or stream full-flowing, that his swelling sides
Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd brink.
Cool, thro' the nerves, your pleasing comfort glides;

The heart beats glad ; the fresh-expanded eye
And ear resume their watch ; the sinews knit ;
And life shoots swift thro' all the lightened limbs.

Around th' adjoining brook , that purls along
The vocal grove , now fretting o'er a rock ,
Now scarcely moving thro' a reedy pool,
Now starting to a sudden stream , and now
Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain ;
A various group the herds and flocks compose,
Rural confusion ! on the grassy bank
Some ruminating lie ; while others stand
Half in the flood , and often bending sip
The circling surface. In the middle droops
The strong laborious ox , of honest front,
Which incompas'd he shakes ; and from his sides
The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
Returning still. Amid his subjects safe ,
Slumbers the monarch-swain ; his careless arm
Thrown round his head on downy moss sustain'd
Here laid his scrip , with wholesome viands fill'd ;
There , listening every noise , his watchful dog.

Light fly his slumbers , if perchance a flight
Of angry gad-flies fasten on the herd ;
That startling scatters from the shallow brook ,
In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam ,
They scorn their keeper's voice , and scour the pla
Thro' all the bright severity of noon ;
While , from their labouring breasts , a hollow m
Proceeding , runs low-bellowing round the hills.

Oft in this season too the horse , provok'd ,
While his big sinews full of spirit swell ,

Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,
Springs the high fence; and o'er the field effus'd
Darts on the gloomy flood, with stedfast eye,
And heart estranged to fear: his nervous chest,
Luxuriant, and erect, the seat of strength!
Bears down th' opposing stream: quenchless his thirst;
He takes the river at redoubled draughts;
And with wide nostrils, snorting, skims the wave.

Still let me pierce into the midnight depth
Of yonder grove, of wildest largest growth:
That, forming high in air a woodland quire,
Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,
Solemn, and slow, the shadows blacker fall,
And all is awful listening gloom around.

These are the haunts of Meditation, these
The scenes where ancient bards th' inspiring breath,
Extatic, felt; and, from this world retir'd,
Convers'd with angels, and immortal forms,
On gracious errands bent: to save the fall
Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice;
In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,
To hint pure thought, and warn the favour'd soul
For future trials fated to prepare;
To prompt the poet, who devoted gives
His muse to better themes; to soothe the pangs
Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breast
(Backward to mingle in detested war,
But foremost when engag'd) to turn the death;
And numberless such offices of love,
Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.

Shook sudden from the bosom of the sky,

A thousand shapes or glide athwart the dusk,
 Or stalk majestic on. Deep-rous'd, I feel
 A sacred terror, a severe delight,
 Creep thro' my mortal frame; and thus, methinks,
 A voice, than human more, th' abstracted ear
 Of fancy strikes : « Be not of us afraid,
 » Poor kindred Man ! thy-fellow-creatures, we
 » From the same PARENT-POWER our beings drew,
 » The same our Lord, and laws, and great pursuit.
 » Once some of us, like thee, thro' stormy life,
 » Toil'd, tempest-beaten, ere we could attain
 » This holy calm, this harmony of mind,
 » Where purity and peace immingle charms.
 » Then fear not us; but with responsive song,
 » Amid these dim recesses, undisturb'd
 » By noisy folly and discordant vice,
 » Of Nature sing with us, and Nature's God.
 » Here frequent, at the visionary hour,
 » When musing midnight reigns or silent noon,
 » Angelic harps are in full concert heard,
 » And voices chaunting from the wood-crown'd hill,
 » The deepening dale, or immost sylvan glade :
 » A privilege bestow'd by us, alone,
 » On Contemplation, or the hallow'd ear
 » Of Poet, swelling to seraphic strain ».

And art thou, (1) STANLEY, of that sacred band?
 Alas, for us too soon ! Tho' rais'd above
 The reach of human pain, above the flight
 Of human joy ; yet, with a mingled ray

1) A young lady, who died at the age of eighteen.

Of sadly pleas'd remembrance, must thou feel
A mother's love, a mother's tender woe :
Who seeks thee still, in many a former scene ;
Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely-beaming eyes,
Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense
Inspir'd : where moral wisdom mildly shone,
Without the toil of art ; and virtue glow'd
In all her smiles, without forbidding pride.
But, O thou best of parents ! wipe thy tears ;
Or rather to PARENTAL NATURE pay
The tears of grateful joy, who for a while
Lent thee this younger self, this opening bloom
Of thy enlightened mind and gentle worth.
Believe the Muse : the wintry blast of death
Kills not the buds of virtue ; no, they spread,
Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter suns
Thro' endless ages, into higher powers.

Thus up the mount, in airy vision rapt,
I stray, regardless whither ; till the sound
Of a near fall of water, every sense
Wakes from the charm of thought : swift-shrinking back,
I check my steps, and view the broken scene.

Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood
Rolls fair, and placid ; where collected all,
In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.
At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad ;
Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,
And from the loud-resounding rocks below
Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.

Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repose :
But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks,
Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now
Aslant the hollow channel rapid darts ;
And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
With wild infracted course, and lessened roar,
It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last,
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

Invited from the cliff, to whose dark brow
He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars,
With upward pinions thro' th' flood of day ;
And, giving full his bosom to the blaze,
Gains on the sun ; while all the tuneful race,
Smit by afflictive noon, disorder'd droop,
Deep in the thicket ; or, from bower to bower
Responsive, force an interrupted strain.
The stock-dove only thro' the forest cooes,
Mournfully hoarse ; oft ceasing from his plaint,
Short interval of weary woe ! again
The sad idea of his murder'd mate,
Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile,
Across his fancy comes ; and then resounds
A louder song of sorrow thro' the grove.

Beside the dewy border let me sit,
All in the freshness of the humid air ;
There in that hollowed rock, grotesque and wild,
An ample chair moss-lin'd, and over head
By flowering umbrage shaded, where the bee
Strays diligent, and with th' extracted balm
Of fragrant wood-bine loads his little thigh.

Now, while I taste the sweetness of the shade,

While Nature lies around deep-lull'd in Noon,
 Now come, bold *Fancy*, spread a daring flight,
 And view the wonders of the *torrid Zone* :
 Climes unrelenting ! with whose rage compar'd,
 Yon blaze is feeble, and yon skies are cool.

See, how at once the bright-effulgent sun,
 Rising direct, swift chases from the sky
 The short-liv'd twilight; and with ardent blaze
 Looks gaily fierce thro' all the dazzling air :
 He mounts his throne; but kind before him sends,
 Issuing from out the portals of the morn,
 The (1) *general Breeze*, to mitigate his fire,
 And breathe refreshment on a fainting world.
 Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd
 And barbarous wealth, that see, each circling year,
Returning suns and (2) *double seasons* pass;
 Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
 That on the high equator ridgy rise,
 Whence many a bursting stream auriferous plays:
 Majestic woods, of every vigorous green,
 Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills;
 Or to the far horizon wide diffus'd,
 A boundless deep immensity of shade.
 Here lofty trees, to ancient song unknown,
 The noble sons of potent heat and floods

(1) Which blows constantly between the tropics from the east, or the collateral points, the north-east and south-east; caused by the pressure of the rarefied air on that before it; according to the diurnal motion of the sun from east to west.

(2) In all climates between the tropics, the sun, as he passes and repasses in his annual motion, is twice a-year vertical, which produces this effect,

Prone-rushing from the clouds, rear high to Heaven
Their thorny stems, and broad around them throw
Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,
Unnumber'd fruits of keen delicious taste
And vital spirit, drink amid the cliffs,
And burning sands that bank the shrubby vales,
Redoubled day, yet in their rugged coats
A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.

Bear me, *Pomona*! to thy citron groves;
To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
With the deep orange, glowing thro' the green,
Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclin'd
Beneath the spreading tamarind that shakes,
Fann'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit.
Deep in the night the massy locust sheds,
Quench my hot limbs; or lead me thro' the maze,
Embowering endless, of the *Indian fig*;
Or thrown at gayer ease, on some fair brow,
Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,
Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
And high palmetos lift their graceful shade.
O stretch'd amid these orchards of the sun,
Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
And from the palm to draw its freshening wine!
More bounteous far than all the frantic juice
Which *Bacchus* pours. Nor, on its slender twigs
Low-bending, be the full pomegranate scorn'd;
Nor, creeping thro' the woods, the gelid race
Of berries. Oft in humble station dwells
Unboastful worth, above fastidious pomp.
Witness, thou best *Anana*, thou the pride

Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er
 The poets imag'd in the golden age :
 Quick let me strip thee of thy tufty coat,
 Spread thy ambrosial stores, and feast with *Jove* !

From these the prospect varies. Plains immense
 Lie stretch'd below, interminable meads,
 And vast savannahs, where the wandering eye,
 Unfixt, is in a verdant ocean lost.

Another *Flora* there, of bolder hues,
 And richer sweets, beyond our garden's pride,
 Plays o'er the fields, and showers with sudden hand
 Exuberant spring : for oft these valleys shift
 Their green-embroider'd robe to fiery brown,
 And swift to green again, as scorching suns,
 Or streaming dews and torrent rains, prevail.

Along these lonely regions, where retir'd,
 From little scenes of art, great *Nature* dwells
 In awful solitude, and naught is seen
 But the wild herds that own no master's stall,
 Prodigious rivers roll their fatning seas :
 On whose luxuriant herbage, half-conceal'd,
 Like a fallen cedar, far diffus'd his train,
 Cas'd in green scales, the crocodile extends.
 The flood disparts : behold ! in plaited mail,
 (1) Behemoth rears his head. Glanc'd from his side,
 The darted steel in idle shivers lies :
 He fearless walks the plain, or seeks the hills ;
 Where, as he crops his varied fare, the herds,
 In widening circle round, forget their food,

(1) The Hippopotamus, or river-horse.

And at the harmless stranger wondering gaze.

Peaceful, beneath primeval trees, that cast
 Their ample shade o'er *Niger's* yellow stream,
 And where the *Ganges* rolls his sacred wave;
 Or mid the central depth of blackening woods,
 High-rais'd in solemn theatre around,
 Leans the huge elephant : wisest of brutes !
 O truly wise ! with gentle might endow'd,
 Tho' powerful, not destructive ! Here he sees
 Revolving ages sweep the changeful earth,
 And empires rise and fall ; regardless he
 Of what the never resting race of men
 Project : thrice happy ! could he scape their guile,
 Who mine, from cruel avarice, his steps;
 Or with his towery grandeur swell their state,
 The pride of kings ! or else his strength pervert,
 And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,
 Astonish'd at the madness of mankind.

Wide o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,
 Like vivid blossoms glowing from afar,
 Thick-swarm the brighter birds. For Nature's hand,
 That with a sportive vanity has deck'd
 The plummy nations, there her gayest hues
 Profusely pours. (1) But, if she bids them shine,
 Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,
 Yet frugal still, she humbles them in song.
 Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent
 Proud *Montezuma's* realm, whose legions cast

(1) In all the regions of the torrid zone, the birds, though more beautiful in their plumage, are observed to be less melodious than ours.

A boundless radiance waving on the sun,
While philomel is ours; while in our shades,
Thro' the soft silence of the listening night,
The sober-suited songstress trills her lay.

But come, my *Muse*, the desert-barrier burst,
A wild expanse of lifeless sand and sky:
And, swifter than the toiling caravan,
Shoot o'er the vale of *Sennar*; ardent climb
The *Nubian* mountains, and the secret bounds
Of jealous *Abyssinia* boldly pierce.

Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the mask
Of social commerce com'st to rob their wealth;
No *holy Fury* thou, blaspheming *HEAVEN*,
With consecrated steel to stab their peace,
And thro' the land, yet red from civil wounds,
To spread the purple tyranny of *Rome*.
Thou, like the harmless bee, may'st freely range,
From mead to mead bright with exalted flowers,
From jasmine grove to grove, may'st wander gay,
Thro' palmy shades and aromatic woods,
That grace the plains, invest the peopled hills,
And up the more than Alpine mountains wave.
There on the breezy summit, spreading fair,
For many a league; or on stupendous rocks,
That from the sun-redoubling valley lift,
Cool so the middle air, their lawny tops;
Where palaces, and fanes, and villas rise;
And gardens smile around, and cultur'd fields
And fountains gush; and careless herds and flocks
Securely stray; a world within itself,
Disdaining all assault : there let me draw

First Part.

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Ethereal soul, there drink reviving gales,
 Profusely breathing from the spicy groves,
 And vales of fragrance; there at distance hear
 The roaring floods, and cataracts, that sweep
 From disembowel'd earth the virgin gold;
 And o'er the varied landskip, restless, rove,
 Fervent with life of every fairer kind:
 A land of wonders! which the sun still eyes
 With ray direct, as of the lovely realm
 Inamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.

How chang'd the scene! In blazing height of noon,
 The sun, oppress'd, is plung'd in thickest gloom.
 Still Horror reigns, a dreary twilight round,
 Of struggling night and day malignant mix'd.
 For to the hot equator crouding fast,
 Where, highly rarefy'd, the yielding air
 Admits their stream, incessant vapours roll;
 Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd;
 Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty wind,
 Or silent borne along, heavy, and slow,
 With the big stores of steaming oceans charg'd.
 Meantime, amid these upper seas, condens'd
 Around the cold ærial mountain's brow,
 And by conflicting winds together dash'd,
 The Thunder holds his black tremendous throne,
 From cloud to cloud the rending Lighthings rage;
 Till, in the furious elemental war
 Dissolv'd, the whole precipitated mass
 Unbroken floods and solid torrents pours.

The treasures these, hid from the bounded se
 Of ancient knowledge; whence, with annual poi

Rich king of floods ! o'er flows the swelling *Nile*.
 From his two springs, in *Gojam's* sunny realm,
 Pure-welling out, he thro' the lucid lake
 Of fair *Dambea* rolls his infant-stream.
 There, by the *Naiads* nurs'd, he sports away
 His playful youth, amid the fragrant isles,
 That with unfading verdure smile around.
 Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks;
 And gathering many a flood, and copious fed,
 With all the mellowed treasures of the sky,
 Winds in progressive majesty along :
 Thro' splendid kingdoms now devolves his maze,
 Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracts
 Of life-deserted sand; till, glad to quit
 The joyless desert, down the *Nubian* rocks
 From thundering steep to steep, he pours his urn,
 And *Egypt* joys beneath the spreading wave.
 His brother *Niger* too, and all the floods
 In which the full-form'd maids of *Afric* lave
 Their jetty limbs; and all that, from the tract
 Of woody mountains stretch'd thro' gorgeous *Ind*
 Fall on *Cormandel's* coast, or *Malabar*;
 From (1) *Menam's* orient stream, that nightly shines
 With insect-lamps, to where *Aurora* sheds
 On *Indus'* smiling banks the rosy shower:
 All, at this bounteous season, open their urns,
 And pour untiring harvest o'er the land.
 Nor less thy world, *Columbus*, drinks refresh'd,

(1) The river that runs through *Siam*; on whose banks a vast multitude of those insects called *Fire-flies* make a beautiful appearance in the night.



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The lavish moisture of the melting year:
Wide o'er his isles, the branching *Oronoque*
Rolls a brown deluge; and the native drives
To dwell aloft on life-sufficing trees,
At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms.
Swell'd by a thousand streams, impetuous hurPd
From all the roaring *Andes*, huge descends
The mighty (1) *Orellana*. Scarce the Muse
Dares stretch her wing o'er this enormous mass
Of rushing water; scarce she dares attempt
The sea-like *Plata*; to whose dread expanse,
Continuous depth, and wondrous length of course,
Our floods are rills. With unabated force,
In silent dignity they sweep along,
And traverse realms unknown, and blooming wilds,
And fruitful deserts, worlds of solitude,
Where the sun smiles and seasons teem in vain,
Unseen, and unenjoy'd. Forsaking these,
O'er peopled plains they fair-diffusive flow,
And many a nation feed, and circle safe,
In their soft bosom many a happy isle
The seat of blameless *Par*: yet undisturb'd
By christian crimes and *Europe's* cruel sons.
Thus pouring on, they proudly seek the deep,
Whose vanquish'd tide, recoiling from the shock,
Yields to the liquid weight of half the globe;
And Ocean trembles for his green domain.
But what avails this wondrous waste of wealth?
This gay profusion of luxurious bliss?

(1) The river of the Amazons.



This pomp of Nature? what their balmy meads,
 Their powerful herbs, and *Ceres* void of pain?
 By vagrant birds dispers'd, and wafting winds,
 What their unplanted fruits? what the cool draughts,
 Th' ambrosial food, rich gums, and spicy health,
 Their forests yield? Their toiling insects what,
 Their silky pride, and vegetable robes?
 Ah! what avail their fatal treasures, hid
 Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth,
Golconda's gems, and sad *Potosi's* mines;
 Where dwelt the gentlest children of the sun?
 What all that *Afric's* golden rivers roll,
 Her odorous woods, and shining ivory stores?
 Ill-fated race! the softening arts of Peace,
 Whate'er the humanizing Muses teach;
 The godlike wisdom of the temper'd breast;
 Progressive truth, the patient force of thought;
 Investigation calm; whose silent powers
 Command the world; the LIGHT that leads to HEAVEN;
 Kind equal rule, the government of laws,
 And all-protecting FREEDOM, which alone
 Sustains the name and dignity of Man:
 These are not theirs. The parent-sun himself
 Seems o'er this world of slaves to tyrannize;
 And, with oppressive ray, the roscate bloom
 Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue,
 And feature gross: or worse, to ruthless deeds,
 Mad jealousy, blind rage, and fell revenge,
 Their fervid spirit fires. Love dwells not there,
 The soft regards, the tenderness of life,
 The heart-shed tear, th' ineffable delight

Of sweet humanity: these court the beam
 Of milder climes; in selfish fierce desire,
 And the wild fury of voluptuous sense,
 There lost. The very brute-creation there
 This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.

Lo! the green serpent, from his dark abode,
 Which even Imagination fears to tread,
 At noon forth-issuing, gathers up his train
 In orbs immense, then, darting out anew,
 Seeks the refreshing fount; by which diffus'd,
 He throws his folds: and while, with threatening tongue
 And deathful jaws erect, the monster curls
 His flaming crest, all other thirst appall'd,
 Or shivering flies, or check'd at distance stands,
 Nor dares approach. But still more direful he,
 The small close-lurking minister of fate,
 Whose high-concocted venom thro' the veins
 A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift
 The vital current. Form'd to humble Man,
 This child of vengeful Nature! There, sublim'd
 To fearless lust of blood, the savage race
 Roam, licens'd by the shading hour of guilt,
 And foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut
 His sacred eye. The tyger darting fierce
 Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd:
 The lively-shining leopard, speckled o'er
 With many a spot, the beauty of the waste;
 And, scorning all the taming arts of Man,
 The keen hyena, fellest of the fell.
 These, rushing from th' inhospitable woods
 Of *Mauritania*, or the tufted isles,

That verdant rise amid the *Lybian* wild,
Innumerable glare around their shaggy king,
Majestic, stalking o'er the printed sand;
And, with imperious and repeated roars,
Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks
Croud near the guardian swain; the nobler herds,
Where round their lordly bull, in rural ease,
They ruminating lie, with horror hear
The coming rage. Th' awakened village starts;
And to her fluttering breast the mother strains
Her thoughtless infant. From the *Pyrate's* den,
Or stern *Morocco's* tyrant fang escap'd,
The wretch half-wishes for his bonds again:
While, uproar all, the wilderness resounds,
From *Atlas* eastward to the frightened *Nile*.

Unhappy he! who from the first of joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone
Amid this world of death. Day after day,
Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,
And views the main that ever toils below;
Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,
Where the round ether mixes with the wave,
Ships, dim-discover'd, dropping from the clouds;
At evening, to the setting sun he turns
A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
Sinks helpless, while the wonted roar is up,
And hiss continual thro' the tedious night.
Yet here, even here, into these black abodes
Of monsters, unappall'd from stooping *Rome*,
And guilty *Cæsar*, LIBERTY retir'd,

Her *Cairo* following thro' *Numidian* wilds :
Disdainful of *Campania's* gentle plains ,
And all the green delights *Ausonia* pours ;
When for them she must bend the servile knee ,
And fawning take the splendid robber's boon.

Nor stop the terrors of these regions here.
Commission'd demons oft , angels of wrath ,
Let loose the raging elements. Breath'd hot ,
From all the boundless furnace of the sky ,
And the wide glittering waste of burning sand ,
A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites
With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil ,
Son of the desert ! even the camel feels ,
Shot thro' his wither'd heart , the fiery blast.
Or from the black-red ether , bursting broad ,
Sallies the sudden whirl-wind. Strait the sands ,
Commov'd around , in gathering eddies play :
Nearer and nearer still they darkening come ;
Till , with the general all-involving storm
Swept up , the whole continuous wilds arise ;
And by their noon-day fount dejected thrown ,
Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep ,
Beneath descending hills , the caravan
Is buried deep. In *Cairo's* crouded streets
Th' impatient merchant , wondering , waits in vain ,
And *Mecca* saddens at the long delay.

But chief at sea , whose every flexile wave
Obeys the blast , the ærial tumult swells.
In the dread ocean , undulating wide ,
Beneath the radiant line that girts the globe ,

The circling (1) Typhon, whirl'd from point to point,
 Exhausting all the rage of ~~all~~ the sky,
 And dire (1) Ecnephia reign. Amid the heavens,
 Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy (2) speck
 Compress'd, the mighty tempest brooding dwells :
 Of no regard, save to the skilful eye,
 Fiery and foul, the small prognostick hangs
 Aloft, or on the promontory's brow
 Musters its force. A faint deceitful calm,
 A fluttering gale, the demon sends before,
 To tempt the spreading sail. Then down at once,
 Precipitant, descends a mingled mass
 Of roaring winds, and flame, and rushing floods.
 In wild amazement fix'd the sailor stands.
 Art is too slow. By rapid fate oppress'd,
 His broad-wing'd vessel drinks the whelming tide,
 Hid in the bosom of the black abyss.
 With such mad seas the daring (3) GAMA fought,
 For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
 Incessant, lab'ring round the stormy Cape ;
 By bold ambition led, and bolder thirst
 Of gold. For then from ancient gloom emerg'd
 The rising world of trade : the *Genius*, then,
 Of navigation, that, in hopeless sloth,
 Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic deep,
 For idle ages, startling, heard at last

(1) *Typhon* and *Ecnephia*, names of particular storms or hurricanes, known only between the tropics.

(2) Called by sailors the *Ox-eye*, being in appearance at first no bigger.

(3) VASCO DE GAMA, the first who sailed round Africa, by the Cape of Good Hope, to the East Indies.

The (1) LUSITANIAN PRINCE; who, HEAV'N-inspir'd,
To love of useful glory mix'd mankind,
And in unbounded Commerce mix'd the world.

Increasing still the terrors of these storms,
His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate,
Here dwells the direful shark. Lur'd by the scent
Of steaming crouds, of rank disease, and death,
Behold ! he rushing cuts the briny flood,
Swift as the gale can bear the ship along ;
And , from the partners of that cruel trade ,
Which spoils unhappy *Guinea* of her sons ,
Demands his share of prey ; demands themselves.
The stormy fates descend : one death involves
Tyrants and slaves ; when strait , their mangled limbs
Crashing at once , he dyes the purple seas
With gore , and riots in the vengeful meal.

When o'er this world , by equinoctial rains
Flooded immense , looks out the joyless sun ,
And draws the copious steam : from swampy fens ,
Where putrefaction into life ferments ,
And breathes destructive myriads ; or from woods ,
Impenetrable shades , recesses foul ,
In vapours rank and blue corruption wrapt ,
Whose gloomy horrors yet no desperate foot
Has ever dar'd to pierce ; then , wasteful , forth
Walks the dire *Power* of pestilent disease.
A thousand hideous fiends her course attend ,
Sick Nature blasting , and to heartless woe ,

(2) DON HENRY , third son to John the first , king of Portugal. His strong genius to the discovery of new countries was the chief source of all the modern improvements in navigation.

And feeble desolation, casting down
 The towering hopes and all the pride of Man,
 Such as of late at *Carthagera* quench'd
 The BRITISH fire. You, gallant VERNON, saw
 The miserable scene; you, pitying, saw
 To infant-weakness sunk the warrior's arm;
 Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghastly form,
 The lip pale-quivering, and the beamless eye
 No more with ardour bright: you heard the groans
 Of agonizing ships, from shore to shore;
 Heard, nightly plung'd amid the sullen waves,
 The frequent corse; while on each other fix'd,
 In sad presage, the blank assistants seem'd,
 Silent, to ask, whom Fate would next demand.

What need I mention those inclement skies,
 Where, frequent o'er the sickening city, Plague,
 The fiercest child of NEMESIS divine,
 Descends? (1) From *Ethiopia's* poisoned woods,
 From stifled *Cairo's* filth, and fetid fields
 With locust-armies putrefying heap'd,
 This great destroyer sprung. Her awful rage
 The brutes escape: Man is her destin'd prey,
 Intemperate Man! and o'er his guilty domes,
 She draws a close incumbent cloud of death;
 Uninterrupted by the living winds,
 Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze; and stain'd
 With many a mixture by the sun, suffus'd,
 Of angry aspect. Princely wisdom, then,
 Dejects his watchful eye; and from the hand

(1) These are the causes supposed to be the first origin of the Plague, in Dr. MEAD's elegant book on that subject.

Of feeble justice, ineffectual, drop
The sword and balance : mute the voice of joy,
And hush'd the clamour of the busy world.
Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad;
Into the worst of desarts sudden turn'd
The chearful haunt of Men : unless escap'd
From the doom'd house, where matchless horror reigns,
Shut up by barbarous fear, the smitten wretch,
With frenzy wild, breaks loose, and, loud to heaven
Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns,
Inhuman, and unwise. The sullen door,
Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge
Fearing to turn, abhors society :
Dependants, friends, relations, Love himself,
Savag'd by woe, forget the tender tie,
The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.
But vain their selfish care : the circling sky,
The wide enlivening air is full of fate;
And, struck by turns, in solitary pangs
They fall, unblest, untended, and unmourn'd.
Thus o'er the prostrate city black Despair
Extends her raven wing; while, to complete
The scene of desolation, stretch'd around,
The grim guards stand, denying all retreat,
And give the flying wretch a better death.

Much yet remains unsung : the rage intense
Of brazen-vaulted skies, of iron fields,
Where drought and famine starve the blasted year;
Fir'd by the torch of noon to tenfold rage,
The infuriate hill that shoots the pillar'd flame;
And, rous'd within the subterreanean world,

Th' expanding earthquake, that resistless shakes
Aspiring cities from their solide base,
And buries mountains in the flaming gulph.
But 'tis enough; return, my vagrant Muse,
A nearer scene of horror calls thee home.

Behold, slow-settling o'er the lurid grove
Unusual darkness broods; and growing gains
The full possession of the sky, surcharg'd
With wrathful vapour, from the secret beds,
Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.
Thence Nitre, Sulphur, and the fiery spume
Of fat Bitumen, steaming on the day,
With various-tinctur'd trains of latent flame,
Pollute the sky, and in yon baleful cloud,
A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
Ferment; till, by the touch ethereal rous'd,
The dash of clouds, or irritating war
Of fighting winds, while all is calm below,
They furious spring. A boding silence reigns,
Dread thro' the dun expanse; save the dull sound
That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath.
Prone, to the lowest vale, the aërial tribes
Descend: the tempest-loving raven scarce
Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens
Cast a deploring eye; by Man forsook,
Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.

'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all:

When to the startled eye the sudden glance
Appears far south, eruptive thro' the cloud;
And following slower, in explosion vast,
The Thunder raises his tremendous voice.
At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
The noise astounds: till over head a sheet
Of livid flame discloses wide; then shuts,
And opens wider; shuts and opens still
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling, peal on peal
Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
Or prone-descending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds,
Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd
Th' unconquerable lightning struggles through,
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.
Black from the stroke, above, the smouldering pile
Stands a sad shatter'd trunk; and, stretch'd below
A lifeless group the blasted cattle lie: .
Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look
They wore alive, and ruminating still
In fancy's eye; and there the frowning bull,
And ox half-rais'd. Struck on the castled cliff,
The venerable tower and spiry fane
Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
Start at the flash, and from their deep recess,

Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.

Amid *Carnarvon's* mountains rages loud

The repercussive roar : with mighty crush,

Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks

Of *Penmanmaur* heap'd hideous to the sky,

Tumble the smitten cliffs ; and *Snowden's* peak,

Dissolving, instant yields his wintry load.

Far-seen, 'the heights of heathy *Cheviot* blaze,

And *Thulè* bellows thro' her utmost isles.

Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply troubled thought.

And yet not always on the guilty head

Descends the fated flash. Young *CELADON*

And his *AMELIA* were a matchless pair ;

With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,

The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone :

Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn,

And his the radiance of the risen day.

' They lov'd : but such their guileless passion was,

As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart

Of innocence, and undissembling truth.

'Twas friendship heightened by the mutual wish,

Th' enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,

Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all

To love, each was to each a dearer self ;

Supremely happy in th' awakened power

Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades,

Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd

The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,

Or sigh'd and look'd unutterable things.

So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,

By care unruffled ; till, in evil hour,

The tempest caught them on the tender walk,
 Heedless how far, and where its mazes stray'd,
 While, with each other blest, creative love
 Still bade eternal *Eden* smile around.
 Presaging instant fate her bosom heav'd
 Unwonted sighs, and stealing oft a look
 Of the big gloom on CELADON her eye
 Fell tearful, wetting her disordered cheek.
 In vain assuring love, and confidence
 In HEAVEN, repress'd her fear; it grew, and shook
 Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd
 Th' unequal conflict, and as angels look
 On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,
 With love illumin'd high: « Fear not, he said,
 • Sweet innocence! thou stranger to offence,
 • And inward storm! He, who yon skies involves
 • In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee
 • With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft
 • That wastes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
 • Of noon, flies harmless: and that very voice,
 • Which thunders terror thro' the guilty heart,
 • With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.
 • 'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus
 • To clasp perfection! » From his void embrace,
 Mysterious Heaven! that moment, to the ground,
 A blackened corse, was struck the beauteous maid.
 But who can paint the lover, as he stood,
 Pierc'd by severe amazement, hating life,
 Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe!
 So, faint resemblance! on the marble tomb,
 The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,

For ever silent, and for ever sad.

As from the face of heaven the shattered clouds
Tumultuous rove, th' interminable sky
Sublimar swells and o'er the world expands
A purer azure. Thro' the lightened air
A higher lustre and a clearer calm,
Diffusive, tremble; while, as if in sign
Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy,
Set off abundant by the yellow ray,
Invests the fields; and nature smiles reviv'd

'Tis beauty all, and grateful song around,
Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat
Of flocks thick-nibbling thro' the clover'd vale.
And shall the hymn be marr'd by thankless Man.
Most-favour'd; who with voice articulate
Should lead the chorus of this lower world?
Shall he, so soon forgetful of the hand
That hush'd the thunder, and serenest the sky,
Extinguish'd feel that spark the tempest wak'd,
That sense of powers exceeding far his own,
Ere yet his feeble heart has lost its fears?

Chear'd by the milder beam, the sprightly youth
Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal depth
A sandy bottom shews. A while he stands
Gazing th' inverted landskip, half afraid
To meditate the blue profound below;
Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
His ebon tresses, and his rosy cheek
Instant emerge; and thro' the obedient wave,
At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,
With arms and legs according well, he makes,

As humour leads, an easy-winding path ;
While, from his polish'd sides , a dewy light
Effuses on the pleas'd spectators round.

This is the purest exercise of health ,
The kind refresher of the summer-heats ;
Nor , when cold WINTER keens the brightening flood,
Would I weak-shivering linger on the brink.
Thus life redoubles, and is oft preserv'd ,
By the bold swimmer , in the swift illapse
Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs
Knit into force ; and the same *Roman* arm ,
That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd earth ,
First learn'd , while tender, to subdue the wave.
Even , from the body's purity , the mind
Receives a secret sympathetic aid.

Close in the covert of an hazel copse ,
Where winded into pleasing solitudes
Runs out the rambling Dale , young DAMON sat ,
Pensive, and pierc'd with love's delightful pangs.
There to the stream that down the distant rocks
Hoarse-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that play'd
Among the bending willows , falsely he
Of MUSIDORA's cruelty complain'd.
She felt his flame ; but deep within her breast ,
In bashful coyness, or in maiden pride ,
The soft return conceal'd ; save when it stole
In side-long glances from her downcast eye ,
Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs.
Touch'd by the scene , no stranger to his vows ,
He fram'd a melting lay , to try her heart ;
And, if an infant passion struggled there

To call that passion forth. Thrice happy swain !
A lucky chance , that oft decides the fate
Of mighty monarchs , then decided thine.
For lo ! conducted by the laughing Loves ,
This cool retreat his MUSIDORA sought :
Warm in her cheek the sultry season glow'd ;
And , rob'd in loose array , she came to bathe
Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.
What shall he do ? In sweet confusion lost ,
And dubious flutterings , he awhile remain'd :
A pure ingenuous elegance of soul ,
A delicate refinement , known to few ,
Perplex'd his breast , and urg'd him to retire :
But love forbade. Ye prudes in virtue , say ,
Say , ye severest , what would you have done ?
Meantime , this fairer nymph than ever blest
Arcadian stream , with timid eye around
The banks surveying , stripp'd her beauteous limbs ,
To taste the lucid coolness of the flood.
Ah then ! not *Paris* on the piny top
Of *Ida* panted stronger , when aside
The rival-goddesses the veil divine
Cast unconfin'd , and gave him all their charms ,
Than , DAMON , thou ; as from the snowy leg ,
And slender foot , th' inverted silk she drew ;
As the soft touch dissolv'd the virgin zone ;
And , thro' the parting robe , th' alternate breast ,
With youth wild-throbbing , on thy lawless gaze
In full luxuriance rose. But , desperate youth ,
How durst thou risk the soul-distracting view ;
As from her naked limbs , of glowing white ,

Harmonious swell'd by Nature's finest hand;
 In folds loose-floating fell the fainter lawn;
 And fair-expos'd she stood, shrunk from herself;
 With fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze
 Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful fawn?
 Then to the flood she rush'd; the parted flood
 Its lovely guest with closing waves receiv'd;
 And every beauty softening, every grace
 Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed:
 As shines the lily thro' the crystal mild;
 Or as the rose amid the morning dew,
 Fresh from *Aurora's* hand, more sweetly glows.
 While thus she wanton'd, now beneath the wave
 But ill-conceal'd; and now with streaming locks,
 That half-embrac'd her in a humid veil,
 Rising again, the latent *Dæmon* drew
 Such madning draughts of beauty to the soul,
 As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought
 With luxury too daring. Check'd, at last,
 By love's respectful modesty, he deem'd
 The theft profane, if aught profane to love
 Can e'er be deem'd; and, struggling from the shade,
 With headlong hurry fled: but first these lines,
 Trac'd by his ready pencil, on the bank
 With trembling hand he threw. • Bathe on, my fair,
 • Yet unbeheld save by the sacred eye
 • Of faithful love: I go to guard thy haunt,
 • To keep from thy recess each vagrant foot,
 • And each licentious eye •. With wild surprize,
 As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,
 A stupid moment motionless she stood:

So stands the (1) statue that enchants the world,
 So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,
 The mingled beauties of exulting *Greece*.
 Recovering, swift she flew to find those robes
 Which blissful *Eden* knew not; and array'd
 In careless haste, th' alarming paper snatch'd.
 But, when her *Damon's* well-known hand she saw,
 Her terrors vanish'd, and a softer train
 Of mixt emotions, hard to be describ'd,
 Her sudden bosom seiz'd; shame void of guilt,
 The charming blush of innocence, esteem,
 And admiration of her lover's flame,
 By modesty exalted, even a sense
 Of self approving beauty stole across
 Her busy thought. At length, a tender calm
 Hush'd by degrees the tumult of her soul;
 And on the spreading beech, that o'er the stream
 Incumbent hung, she with the silvan pen
 Of rural lovers this confession car'd,
 Which soon her *Damon* kiss'd with weeping joy:
 • Dear youth! sole judge of what these verses mean,
 • By fortune too much favour'd, but by love,
 • Alas! not favour'd less, be still as now
 • Discreet; the time may come you need not fly.

The sun has lost his rage: his downward orb
 Shoots nothing now but animating warmth,
 And vital lustre; that, with various ray,
 Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of heaven,
 Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes,

(1) The Venus of Medici.

The dream of waking fancy! Broad below,
 Cover'd with ripening fruits, and swelling fast
 Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth
 And all her tribes rejoice. Now the soft hour
 Of walking comes: for him who lonely loves
 To seek the distant hills, and there converse
 With Nature; there to harmonize his heart,
 And in pathetic song to breathe around
 The harmony to others. Social friends,
 Attun'd to happy unison of soul;
 To whose exalting eye a fairer world
 Of which the vulgar never had a glimpse,
 Displays its charms; whose minds are richly fraught
 With philosophic stores, superior light;
 And in whose breast, enthusiastic, burns
 Virtue, the sons of interest deem romance;
 Now call'd abroad enjoy the falling day:
 Now to the verdant *Portico* of woods,
 To Nature's vast *Lyceum*, forth they walk,
 By that kind *School* where no proud master reigns
 The full free converse of the friendly heart,
 Improving and improv'd. Now from the world,
 Sacred to sweet retirement, lovers steal,
 And pour their souls in transport, which the *Sirens*
 Of love approving hears, and calls it good.
 Which way, *AMANDA*, shall we bend our course?
 The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we chuse
 All is the same with thee. Say, shall we wind
 Along the streams? or walk the smiling mead?
 Or court the forest-glades? or wander wild
 Among the waving harvests? or ascend,

While radiant Summer opens all its pride,
 Thy hill, delightful (1) *Shene*? Here let us sweep
 The boundless landskip, now the raptur'd eye,
 Exulting swift, to huge *AUGUSTA* send,
 Now to the (2) *Sister-Hills* that skirt her plain,
 To lofty *Harrow* now, and now to where
 Majestic *Windsor* lifts his princely brow.
 In lovely contrast to this glorious view
 Calmly magnificent, then will we turn
 To where the silver *THAMES* first rural grows,
 There let the feasted eye unwearied stray:
 Luxurious, there, rove thro' the pendent woods
 That nodding hang o'er *HARRINGTON*'s retreat;
 And, stooping thence to *Ham*'s embowering walks,
 Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace retir'd,
 With *HER* the pleasing partner of his heart,
 The worthy *QUEENSB'RY* yet laments his *GAY*,
 And polish'd *CORNBURY* woos the willing Muse;
 Now let us trace the matchless *VALE* of *THAMES*;
 Fair-winding up to where the Muses haunt
 In *Twit'nam*'s bowers, and for their *POPE* inplote
 The healing God (3); to royal *Hampton*'s pile,
 To *Clermont*'s terrass'd height, and *Esher*'s groves,
 Where in the sweetest solitude, embrac'd,
 By the soft windings of the silent *Mole*,
 From courts and senates *PELHAM* finds repose.
 Enchanting vale! beyond whate'er the Muse
 Has of *Achaia* or *Hesperia* sung!

(1) The old name of Richmond, signifying in Saxon *Shining*, or *Splendor*.

(2) Highgate and Hamstead. (3) In his last sickness.

O vale of bliss! O softly-swelling hills!
On which the Power of Cultivation lies,
And joys to see the wonders of his toil.

Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
The stretching landscape into smoke decays!
Happy BRITANNIA! where the QUEEN of ARTS,
Inspiring vigour, LIBERTY abroad
Walks, unconfin'd, even to thy farthest cotts,
And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.

Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime:
Thy streams unfailing in the summer's drought;
Unmatch'd thy guardian-oaks; thy valleys float
With golden waves: And on thy mountains flocks
Bleat numberless; while, roving round their sides,
Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves.
Beneath, thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd
Against the mower's scythe. On every hand
Thy villas shine. Thy country teams with wealth;
And property assures it to the swain;
Pleas'd, and unwearied, in his guarded toil.

Full are the cities with the sons of art;
And trade and joy, in every busy street,
Mingling are heard: Even Drudgery himself,
As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews
The palace-stone, looks gay. Thy crouded ports,
Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
With labour burn, and echo to the shouts
Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves
His last adieu, and, loosening every sheet,

Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.

Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth,
By hardship sinew'd, and by danger fir'd,
Scattering the nations where they go; and first
Or on the listed plain, or stormy seas.

Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plains
Of thriving peace thy thoughtful sires preside;
In genius, and substantial learning, high;
For every virtue, every worth, renown'd;
Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind;
Yet like the mustering thunder when provok'd,
The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
Of those that under grim oppression groan.

THY SONS OF GLORY many! ALFRED thine,
In whom the splendor of heroic war,
And more heroic peace, when govern'd well,
Combine, whose hallow'd name the virtues saint,
And *his own* Muses love; the best of *Kings*!
With him thy EDWARDS and thy HENRYS shine,
Names dear to Fame; the first who deep-impress'd
On haughty *Gaul* the terror of thy arms,
That awes her genius still. In Statesmen thou,
And Patriots, fertile. Thine a steady MORE,
Who, with a generous tho' mistaken zeal,
Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage,
Like CÆSO firm, like ARISTIDES just,
Like rigid CINCINNATUS nobly poor,
A dauntless soul erect, who smil'd on death.
Frugal, and wise, a WALSINGHAM is thine;
A DRAKE, who made thee mistress of the deep,
And bore thy name in thunder round the world.

First Part.

F


Then flam'd thy spirit high : But who can speak
The numerous worthies of the MAIDEN REIGN ?
In RALPH mark their every glory mix'd ;
RALPH, the scourge of *Spain* ! whose breast with a
The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd.
Nor sunk his vigour, when a coward-reign
The warrior fetter'd, and at last resigned,
To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe.
Then active still and unrestrain'd, his mind
Explor'd the vast extent of ages past,
And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world ;
Yet found no times, in all the long research,
So glorious, or so base, as those he prov'd,
In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.
Nor can the muse the gallant SIDNEY pass,
The plume of war ! with early laurels crown'd,
The Lover's myrtle, and the Poet's bay.
A HAMDEN too is thine, illustrious land,
Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul,
Who stem'd the torrent of a downward age
To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,
In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.
Bright, at his call, thy Age of Men effulg'd,
Of men on whom late time a kindling eye
Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.
Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew
The grave where RUSSEL lies ; whose temper'd blood,
With calmest cheerfulness for thee resign'd,
Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign ;
Aiming at lawless power, tho' meanly sunk
In loose inglorious luxury. With him

His friend, the (1) **BRITISH CASSIUS**, fearless bled;
 Of high-determin'd spirit, roughly brave,
 By ancient learning to th' enlighten'd love
 Of ancient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown
 In awful Sages and in noble Bards;
 Soon as the light of dawning Science spread
 Her orient ray, and wak'd the Muses' song.
 Thine is a **BACON**; hapless in his choice;
 Unfit to stand the civil storm of state,
 And through the smooth barbarity of courts,
 With firm but pliant virtue, forward still
 To urge his course: Him for the studious shade
 Kind nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,
 Exact, and elegant; in one rich soul,
PLATO, the **STAGYRITE**, and **TULLY** join'd.
 The great deliverer he! who from the gloom
 Of cloister'd monks, and jargon-teaching schools,
 Led forth the true philosophy, there long
 Held in the magic chain of words and forms,
 And definitions void: He led her forth,
 Daughter of Heaven! that slow-ascending still,
 Investigating sure the chain of things,
 With radiant finger points to **HEAVEN** again.
 The generous **ASHLEY** (2) thine, the friend of Man;
 Who scann'd his Nature with a brother's eye,
 His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,
 To touch the finer movements of the mind,
 And with the Moral Beauty charm the heart.
 Why need I name thy **BOYLE**, whose pious search,

(1) Algernon Sidney.

(2) Antony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury.

Amid the dark recesses of his works,
The great CREATOR sought? And why thy LOCKE,
Who made the whole internal world his own?
Let NEWTON, *pure Intelligence*, whom GOD
To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works
From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame
In all philosophy. For lofty sense,
Creative fancy, and inspection keen
Thro' the deep windings of the human heart,
Is not wild SHAKESPEAR thine and Nature's boast?
Is not each great, each amiable Muse
Of classic ages in thy MILTON met?
A genius universal as his theme;
Astonishing as Chaos, as the bloom
Of blowing Eden fair, as Heaven sublime.
Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
The gentle SPENCER, Fancy's pleasing son;
Who, like a copious river, pour'd his song
O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground:
Nor thee, his ancient master, laughing sage,
CHAUCER, whose native manners-painting verse,
Well-moraliz'd, shines thro' the Gothic cloud
Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown,
May my song soften, as thy DAUGHTERS I,
BRITANNIA, hail! for beauty is their own,
The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
And elegance, and taste: The faultless form,
Shap'd by the hand of Harmony, the cheek,
Where the live crimson, thro' the native white
Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom,
And every nameless grace; the parted lip,



Like the red rose-bud moist with morning-dew,
 Breathing delight ; and , under flowing jet,
 Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
 The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast;
 The look resistless, piercing to the soul,
 And by the soul inform'd , when dress'd in love
 She sits high-smiling in the conscious eye.

Island of bliss ! amid the subject seas,
 That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up,
 At once the wonder, terror, and delight,
 Of distant nations; whose remotest shores
 Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm;
 Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults
 Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave.

O Thou ! by whose almighty *Nod* the scale
 Of empire rises, or alternate falls,
 Send forth the saving *VIRTUES* round the land,
 In bright patrol : White Peace, and social Love;
 The tender-looking Charity, intent
 On gentle deeds, and shedding tears thro' smiles;
 Undaunted Truth, and Dignity of mind;
 Courage compos'd, and keen; sound Temperance,
 Healthful in heart and look; clear Chastity,
 With blushes redd'ning as she moves along,
 Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws;
 Rough Industry; Activity untir'd,
 With copious life inform'd, and all awake;
 While in the radiant front, superior shines
 That first paternal virtue, Public Zeal,
 Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,
 And, ever musing on the common weal,

Still labours glorious with some great design.

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,
Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds
Assembled gay, a richly-gorgeous train,
In all their pomp attend his setting throne.
Air, earth, and ocean smile immense. And now,
As if his weary chariot sought the bowers
Of Amphitrite, and her tending nymphs,
(So Grecian fable sung) he dips his orb;
Now half-immers'd; and now a golden curve
Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.

For ever running an enchanted round,
Passes the day, deceitful, vain, and void;
As fleets the vision o'er the formful brain,
This moment hurrying wild th' impassion'd soul,
The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him,
The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank:
A sight of horror to the cruel wretch,
Who all day long in sordid pleasure roll'd,
Himself an useless load, has squander'd vile,
Upon his scoundrel train, what might have cheer'd
A drooping family of modest worth.
But to the generous still improving mind
That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,
Diffusing kind beneficence around,
Boastless, as now descends the silent dew;
To him the long review of order'd life
Is inward rapture, only to be felt.

Confess'd from yonder slow-extinguish'd clouds,
All ether soft'ning, sober Evening takes
Her wonted station in the middle air;

A thousand shadows at her beck. First *this*
She sends on earth ; then *that* of deeper dye
Steals soft behind ; and then a deeper still,
In circle following circle, gathers round ,
To close the face of things: A fresher gale
Begins to wave the wood , and stir the stream ,
Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn ;
While the quail clamours for his running mate.
Wide o'er the thistly lawn as swells the breeze ,
A whitening shower of vegetable down
Amusive floats. The kind impartial care
Of Nature naught disdains : Thoughtful to feed
Her lowest sons , and clothe the coming year ,
From field to field the feather'd seeds she wings.

His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
Hies , merry-hearted ; and by turns relieves
The ruddy milk-maid of her brimming pail ;
The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart ,
Unknowing what the joy-mix ~~and~~ anguish means ,
Sincerely loves , by that best language shewn
Of cordial glances , and obliging deeds.
Onward they pass , o'er many a panting height ,
And valley sunk , and unfrequented ; where
At fall of Eve the fairy people throng ,
In various game , and revelry , to pass
The summer-night , as village-stories tell.
But far about they wander from the grave
Of him , whom his ungentle fortune urg'd
Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
Of impious violence. The lonely tower
Is also shun'd ; whose mournful chambers hold ,

So night-struck fancy dreams, the yelling ghost.

Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glow-worm lights his gem; and, thro' the day
A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
The world to Night; not in her winter-robe
Of massy Stygian woof, but loose array'd
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanc'd from th' imperfect surfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the straining eye;
While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,
And rocks and mountain-tops, that long retain'd
Th' ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven
Thence weary vision turns; where, leading soft
The silent hours of love; with purest ray
Sweet Venus shines, and from her genial rise,
When day-light sickens till it springs afresh,
Unrival'd reigns, the fairest lamp of night.
As thus th' effulgence stimulous I drink,
With cherish'd gaze, the lambent lightnings shoo
Across the sky; or horizontal dart,
In wondrous shapes: By fearful murmuring croud
Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs,
That more than deck, that animate the sky,
The life-infusing suns of other worlds;
Lo! from the dread immensity of space
Returning, with accelerated course,
The rushing comet to the sun descends:
And as he sinks below the shading earth,
With awful train projected o'er the heavens,
The guilty nations tremble. But, above

Those superstitious horrors that enslave
The fond sequacious herd, to mystic faith,
And blind amazement prone, th' enlighten'd few,
Whose godlike minds philosophy exalts,
The glorious stranger hail. They feel a joy
Divinely great; they in their powers exult,
That wondrous force of thought, which mounting
This dusky spot, and measures all the sky; (spurns
While, from his far excursion thro' the wilds
Of barren ether, faithful to his time,
They see the blazing wonder rise anew,
In seeming terror clad, but kindly bent
To work the will of all-sustaining Love:
From his huge vapory train perhaps to shake
Reviving moisture on the numerous orbs,
Thro' which his long ellipsis winds; perhaps
To lend new fuel to declining suns,
To light up worlds, and feed th' eternal fire.

With thee, serene PHILOSOPHY, with thee,
And thy bright garland, let me crown my song!
Effusive source of evidence, and truth!
A lustre shedding o'er th' ennobled mind,
Stronger than summer-noon; and pure as that,
Whose mild vibrations soothe the parted soul,
New to the dawning of celestial day.
Hence thro' her nourish'd powers, enlarg'd by thee,
She springs aloft, with elevated pride,
Above the tangling mass of low desires,
That bind the fluttering croud; and, angel-wing'd,
The heights of science and of virtue gains,

Where all is calm and clear : With Nature round ,
 Or in the starry regions , or th' abyss ,
 To Reason's and to Fancy's eye display'd :
 The *first* up-tracing , from the dreary void ,
 The chain of causes and effects to HIM ,
 The world-producing ESSENCE , who alone]
 Possesses being ; while the *last* receives
 The whole magnificence of heaven and earth ,
 And every beauty , delicate or bold ,
 Obvious or more remote , with livelier sense ,
 Diffusive painted on the rapid mind .

Tutor'd by thee , hence POETRY exalts
 Her voice to ages ; and informs the page
 With music , image , sentiment , and thought ,
 Never to die ! the treasure of mankind !
 Their highest honour , and the truest joy !

Without thee what were unenlighten'd Man ?
 A savage roaming thro' the woods and wilks ,
 In quest of prey ; and with th' unfashioned fur
 Rough clad ; devoid of every finer art ,
 And elegance of life . Nor happiness
 Domestic , mix'd of tenderness and care ,
 Nor moral excellence , nor social bliss ,
 No guardian law were his ; nor various skill
 To turn the furrow , or to guide the tool
 Mechanic ; nor the heaven-conducted prow
 Of navigation bold , that fearless braves
 The burning line , or dares the wint'ry pole ;
 Mother severe of infinite delights !
 Nothing , save rapine , indolence , and guile ,

And woes on woes, a still-revolving train !
Those horrid circle had made human life
Than non-existence worse ; But, taught by thee,
Thine are the plans of policy, and peace ;
To live like brothers, and conjunctive all
In bellish life. While thus laborious crouds
By the tough oar, PHILOSOPHY directs
The ruling helm ; or like the liberal breath
Of potent Heaven, invisible, the sail
Furrows out, and bears th' inferior world along.

Nor to this evanescent speck of earth
Morally confin'd, the radiant tracts on high
To her exalted range ; intent to gaze
In creation thro' ; and, from that full complex
Of never-ending wonder, to conceive
Of the SOLE BEING right, who *spoke the word*,
And Nature mov'd complete. With inward view,
Thence on th' ideal kingdom swift she turns
Her eye ; and instant, at her powerful glance,
Th' obedient phantoms vanish or appear ;
To compound, divide, and into order shift,
Each to his rank, from plain perception up
To the fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train :
To Reason then, deducing truth from truth ;
And notion quite abstract ; where first begins
The world of spirits, action all, and life
Unfetter'd, and unmix'd. But here the cloud,
So wills ETERNAL PROVIDENCE, sits deep.
Enough for us to know that this dark state,
In wayward passions lost, and vain pursuits,
This Infancy of-Being cannot prove

The final issue of the works of God ,
By boundless Love and perfect Wisdom form'd,
And ever rising with the rising mind,

END OF THE FIRST PART.



THE
SEASONS
BY
JAMES THOMSON;
WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

HESIOD, or the RISE of WOMAN, and the
HERMIT, by PARNELL;

TOGETHER WITH

HENRY and EMMA, by PRIOR.

A new Edition in two volumes.

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A U T U M N.

THE ARGUMENT.

Subject proposed. Addressed to Mr. ONSLOW. A prospect of the fields ready for harvest. Reflections in praise of industry raised by that view. Reaping. A tale relative to it. A pest-storm. Shooting and hunting; their barbarity. A ludicrous account of fox-hunting. A view of an orchard. Wall-nut. A vineyard. A description of fogs frequent in the latter of AUTUMN: Whence a digression, enquiring into the origin of fountains, and rivers. Birds of season considered, now shift their habitation. The prodigious number of swans that cover the northern and western isles of SCOTLAND. A prospect of the country. A prospect of the discoloured, autumnal woods. After a gentle dusky day, Moon-light. Autumnal meteors. Morning; to which succeeds a calm, pure, sunny day, such as usually shuts up the season. The harvest gathered in, the country dissolved in joy. The whole concludes with a panegyric on a philosophical country life.

WON'D with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,
The AUTUMN, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Is jovial on; the *Doric* reed once more,
Pleas'd, I tune. Whate'er the wint'ry frost
Has prepar'd; the various blossom'd Spring
In white promise forth; and Summer-suns
Collected strong, rush boundless now to view,
Perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.
ON SLOW! the Muse ambitious of thy name,
To trace, inspire, and dignify her song,
Borrow'd from the *public voice* thy gentle ear
Conclude Part.

A

A while engage. Thy noble cares she knows,
 The patriot-virtues that distend thy thought,
 Spread on thy front, and in thy bosom glow;
 While listening senates hang upon thy tongue,
 Devolving thro' the maze of eloquence
 A roll of periods, sweeter than her song.
 But she too pants for public virtue; she,
 Tho' weak of power, yet strong in ardent will,
 Whene'er her country rushes on her heart,
 Assumes a bolder note, and fondly tries
 To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.
 When the bright Virgin gives the beauteous days,
 And Libra weighs in equal scales the year;
 From heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence shook
 Of parting Summer, a serener blue,
 With golden light enliven'd, wide invests
 The happy world. Attemper'd suns arise,
 Sweet beam'd, and shedding oft thro' lucid clouds
 A pleasing calm; while broad and brown, below
 Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.
 Rich, silent, deep, they stand; for not a gale
 Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain:
 A calm of plenty! till the ruffled air
 Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow.
 Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky;
 The clouds fly different; and the sudden sun
 By fits effulgent gilds th' illumin'd field,
 And black by fits the shadows sweep along.
 A gaily-checker'd heart-expanding view,
 Far as the circling eye can shoot around,
 Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn.

These are thy blessings, INDUSTRY ! rough power !
Whom labour still attends , and sweat , and pain ;
Yet the kind source of every gentle art ,
And all the soft civility of life ;
Raiser of human kind ! by Nature cast ,
Naked , and helpless , out amid the woods
And wilds , to rude inclement elements ;
With various seeds of art deep in the mind
Implanted , and profusely pour'd around
Materials infinite ; but idle all.
Still unexerted , in th' unconscious breast ,
Slept the lethargic powers ; Corruption still ,
Voracious , swallow'd what the liberal hand
Of bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year ;
And still the sad barbarian , roving , mix'd
With beasts of prey ; or for his acorn-meal ,
Fought the fierce tusky boar ; a shivering wretch !
Aghast , and comfortless , when the bleak north ,
With winter charg'd , let the mix'd tempest fly ,
Hail , rain , and snow , and bitter-breathing frost !
Then to the shelter of the hut he fled ;
And the wild season , sordid , pin'd away.
For home he had not ; home is the resort
Of love , of joy , of peace and plenty , where
Supporting , and supported , polish'd friends ,
And dear relations mingle into bliss.
But this the rugged savage never felt ,
Even desolate in crowds ; and thus his days
Roll'd heavy , dark , and unenjoy'd along :
A waste of time ! till INDUSTRY approach'd ,
And rous'd him from his miserable sloth :

Pour'd out her glittering stores : The canvas smooth
 With glowing life protuberant ; to the view
 Embodied rose ; the statue seem'd to breathe ;
 And soften into flesh , beneath the touch
 Of forming art , imagination-flush'd .

All is the gift of INDUSTRY ; whate'er
 Exalts , embellishes , and renders life
 Delightful . Pensive Winter cheer'd by him
 Sits at the social fire , and happy hears
 Th' exclud'd tempest idly rave along ;
 His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy spring ;
 Without him Summer were an arid waste ;
 Nor to the autumnal months could thus transmit
 Those full , mature , immeasurable stores ,
 That , waving round , recall my wand'ring song .

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky ,
 And , unperceiv'd , unfolds the spreading day ;
 Before the ripened field the reapers stand ,
 In fair array ; each by the lass he loves ,
 To bear the rougher part , and mitigate
 By nameless gentle offices her toil .
 At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves ;
 While thro' their cheerful band the rural talk ,
 The rural scandal , and the rural jest ,
 Fly harmless , to deceive the tedious time ,
 And steal unfeels the sultry hours away .
 Behind the master walks , builds up the shocks ;
 And , conscious , glancing oft on every side
 His sated eye , feels his heart heave with joy .
 The gleaners spread around , and here and there ,
 Spike after spike , their scanty harvest pick .

e not too narrow, husbandmen ! but fling
 rom the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
 he liberal handful. Think, oh grateful think !
 ow good the God of HARVEST is to you ;
 Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields ;
 While these unhappy partners of your kind
 Tide-hover round you , like the fowls of heaven,
 nd ask their humble dole. The various turns
 f fortune ponder ; that your sons may want
 That now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.
 The lovely young LAVINIA once had friends ;
 nd fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth.
 or, in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
 f every stay, save INNOCENCE and HEAVEN,
 ie with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
 nd poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
 mong the windings of a woody vale ;
 y solitude and deep-surrounding shades,
 at more by bashful modesty conceal'd.
 ogether thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
 Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
 om giddy passion and low-minded pride :
 most on Nature's common bounty fed ;
 ke the gay birds that sung them to repose,
 ntent, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
 er form was fresher than the morning-rose,
 hen the dew wets its leaves ; unstain'd, and pitro:
 is the lily, or the mountain-snow.
 ie modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
 ill on the ground dejected, darting all
 heir humid beams into the blooming flowers :

Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once.
 Confus'd, and frightened at his sudden tears,
 Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
 As thus PALEMÓN, passionate and just,
 Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.

- And art thou then ACASIO's dear remains?
- She whom my restless gratitude has sought,
- So long in vain? O heavens! the very same,
- The softened image of my noble friend,
- Alive his every look, his every feature,
- More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring!
- Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
- That nourish'd up my fortune! Say, ah where,
- In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn
- The kindest aspect of delighted HEAVEN?
- Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair;
- Tho' poverty's cold wind, and crashing rain,
- Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender years?
- O let me now, into a richer soil,
- Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns, and showers,
- Diffuse their warmest, largest influence;
- And of my garden be the pride, and joy!
- Ill it befits thee, oh! it ill befits
- ACASIO's daughter, his whose open stores,
- Tho' vast, were little to his ampler heart,
- The father of a country, thus to pick
- The very refuse of those harvest-fields,
- Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
- Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand;
- But ill apply'd to such a rugged task;
- The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine,

- If to the various blessings which thy house
- Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
- That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee!

Here ceas'd the youth : yet still his speaking eye
Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,
With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodness irresistible, and all
In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.
The news immediate to her mother brought;
While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away
The lonely moments for LAVINIA's fate;
Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
Of setting life shone on her evening-hours :
Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair;
Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.

DEFEATING oft the labours of the year,
The sultry south collects a potent blast.
At first, the groves are scarcely seen to stir
Their trembling tops; and a still murmur runs
Along the soft-inclining fields of corn.
But as the ærial tempest fuller swells,
And in one mighty stream, invisible,
Immense, the whole excited atmosphere,
Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world:
Strain'd to the root, the stooping forest pours
A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves.

High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in,
From the bare wild, the dissipated storm,
And send it in a torrent down the vale.
Expos'd, and naked, to its utmost rage,
Thro' all the sea of harvest rolling round,
The billowy plain floats wide; nor can evade,
Tho' pliant to the blast, its seizing force;
Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff
Shook waste. And sometimes too a burst of rain,
Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends
In one continuous flood. Still over head
The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and still
The deluge deepens; till the fields around
Lie sunk, and flatted, in the sordid wave.
Sudden, the ditches swell; the meadows swim.
Red, from the hills, innumerable streams
Tumultuous roar; and high above its banks
The river lift; before whose rushing tide,
Herds, flocks, and harvests, cottages, and swains,
Roll mingled down; all that the winds had spar'd,
In one wild moment ruin'd; the big hopes,
And well-earn'd treasures of the painful year.
Fled to some eminence, the husbandman
Helpless beholds the miserable wreck
Driving along; his drowning ox at once
Descending, with his labours scatter'd round,
He sees; and instant o'er his shivering thought
Comes Winter unprovided, and a train
Of clamant children dear. Ye masters, then,
Be mindful of the rough laborious hand,
That sinks you soft in elegance and ease;

ful of those limbs in russet clad
toil to yours is warmth, and graceful pride ;
! be mindful of that sparing board ,
covers yours with luxury profuse ,
our glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice !
elly demand what the deep rains ,
nvolving winds have swept away .
he rude clamour of the sportsman's joy ,
fast-thundering , and the winded horn ,
empt the Muse to sing the *rural Game* :
his mid-career , the spaniel struck ,
the tainted gale , with open nose ,
ch'd , and finely sensible , *draws* full ,
and cautious , on the latent prey ;
sun the circling covey bask
ried plumes , and watchful every way ,
e rough stubble turn the secret eye .
n the meshy snare , in vain they beat
le wings , intangled more and more :
he surges of the boundless air ,
ne triumphant , are they safe ; the gun ,
just , and sudden , from the fowler's eye
s their sounding pinions ; and again ,
te , brings them from the towering wing ,
the ground ; or drives them wide-dispers'd ,
d , and wheeling various , down the wind .
are not subjects for the peaceful Muse ,
she stain with such her spotless song ;
ost delighted , when she social sees
le mix'd animal-creation round
nd happy . 'Tis not joy to her ,

This falsely-cheerful barbarous game of death ;
 This rage of pleasure , which the restless youth
 Awakes , impatient , with the gleaming morn ;
 When beasts of prey retire , that all night long ,
 Urg'd by necessity , had rang'd the dark ,
 As if their conscious ravage shun'd the light ,
 Asham'd. Not so the steady tyrant Man ,
 Who with the thoughtless insolence of power
 Inflam'd , beyond the most-infuriate wrath
 Of the worst monster that e'er roam'd the waste ,
 For sport alone pursues the cruel chace ,
 Amid the beamings of the gentle days.
 Upbraid , ye ravening tribes , our wanton rage ,
 For hunger kindles you , and lawless want ;
 But lavish fed , in Nature's bounty roll'd ,
 To joy at anguish , and delight in blood ,
 Is what your horrid bosoms never knew .

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare !
 Scar'd from the corn , and now to some lone seat
 Retir'd : the rushy fen ; the ragged furze ,
 Stretch'd o'er the stony heath ; the stubble chapt ;
 The thistly lawn ; the thick entangled broom ;
 Of the same friendly hue , the wither'd fern ;
 The fallow ground laid open to the sun ,
 Concoctive ; and the nodding sandy bank ,
 Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook .
 Vain is her best precaution ; tho' she sits
 Conceal'd , with folded ears ; unsleeping eyes ,
 By Nature rais'd to take the horizon in ;
 And head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet ,
 In act to spring away. The scented dew

Betrays her early labyrinth ; and deep,
 In scattered sullen openings, far behind,
 With every breeze she hears the coming storm.
 But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
 The sighing gale, she springs amaz'd, and all
 The savage soul of game is up at once :
 The pack full-opening, various ; the shrill horn
 Resounded from the hills ; the neighing steed,
 Wild for the chase ; and the loud hunter's shout ;
 O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all
 Mix'd in mad tumult, and discordant joy.

The stag too, singled from the herd, where long
 He rang'd the branching monarch of the shades,
 Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed
 He, sprightly, puts his faith ; and, rous'd by fear,
 Gives all his swift aerial soul to flight ;
 Against the breeze he darts, that way the more
 To leave the lessening murderous cry behind :
 Deception short ! tho' fleetest than the winds
 Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountain by the north,
 He bursts the thickets, glances thro' the glades,
 And plunges deep into the wildest wood ;
 If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track.
 Hot-steaming, up behind him come again
 Th'inhuman rout, and from the shady depth
 Expel him, circling thro' his every shift.
 He sweeps the forest oft ; and sobbing sees
 The glades, mild opening to the golden day ;
 Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends
 He went to struggle ; or his losses enjoy.
 Oft in the full-descending flood he tries

To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides;
 Oft seeks the herd; the watchful herd, alarm!
 With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.
 What shall he do? His once so vivid nerves,
 So full of buoyant spirit, now no more
 Inspire the course; but fainting breathless toil
 Sick, seizes on his heart: he stands at bay;
 And puts his last weak refuge in despair.
 The big round tears run down his dappled face
 He groans in anguish; while the growling pack
 Blood-happy, hang at his fair-jutting chest,
 And mark his beauteous checker'd sides with

Of this enough. But if the silvan youth,
 Whose fervent blood boils into violence,
 Must have the chace; behold, despising flight
 The rous'd-up lion, resolute, and slow,
 Advancing full on the protended spear,
 And coward-band, that circling wheel aloof.
 Slunk from the cavern, and the troubled wood
 See the grim wolf; on him his shaggy foe
 Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die:
 Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar
 Grins fell destruction, to the monster's heart
 Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.

These BRITAIN knows not; give, ye BRITON
 Your sportive fury, pityless, to pour
 Loose on the nightly robber of the fold:
 Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth
 Let all the thunder of the chace pursue.
 Throw the broad ditch behind you; o'er the heath
 High bound, resistless; nor the deep morass

Refuse, but thro', the shaking wilderness
Pick your nice way ; into the perilous flood
Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full ;
And as you ride the torrent, to the banks
Your triumph sound sonorous, running round,
From rock to rock, in circling echos tost ;
Then scale the mountains to their woody tops ;
Rush down the dangerous steep ; and o'er the lawn,
In fancy swallowing up the space between,
Pour all your speed into the rapid game,
For happy he ! who tops the wheeling chace ;
Has every maze evolv'd, and every guile
Disclos'd ; who knows the merits of the pack ;
Who saw the villain seiz'd, and dying hard,
Without complaint, tho' by hundred mouths
Relentless torn : O glorious he, beyond
His daring peers ! when the retreating horn
Calls them to ghostly halls of grey renown,
With woodland honours grac'd ; the fox's fur,
Depending decent from the roof ; and spread
Round the drear walls, with antick figures fierce,
The stag's large front : he then is loudest heard,
When the night staggers with severer toils,
With feats *Thessalian* Centaurs never knew,
And their repeated wonders shake the dome.

But first the fuel'd chimney blazes wide ;
The tankards foam ; and the strong table groans
Beneath the smoaking sirloin, stretch'd immense
From side to side ; in which, with desperate knife,
They deep incision make, and talk the while
Of ENGLAND's glory, ne'er to be defaced

While hence they borrow vigour : or amain
 Into the pasty plung'd , at intervals ,
 If stomach keen can intervals allow ,
 Relating all the glories of the chase.
 Then sated *Hunger* bids his brother *Thirst*
 Produce the mighty bowl ; the mighty bowl ,
 Swell'd high with fiery juice , steams liberal round
 A potent gale , delicious , as the breath
 Of *Maia* to the love-sick shepherdess ,
 On violets diffus'd , while soft she hears
 Her panting shepherd stealing to her arms.
 Nor wanting is the brown October , drawn ,
 Mature and perfect , from his dark retreat
 Of thirty years ; and now his honest front
 Flames in the light refulgent , not afraid
 Even with the vineyard's best produce to vie.
 To cheat the thirsty moments , whist a while
 Walks his dull round , beneath a cloud of smog ,
 Wreath'd , fragrant , from the pipe ; or the quick dies ,
 In thunder leaping from the box , awake
 The sounding gammon : while romp-loving miss
 Is haul'd about , in gallantry robust.

At last these puling idlenesses laid
 Aside , frequent and full , the dry divan
 Close in firm circle ; and set , ardent , in
 For serious drinking. Nor evasion sly ,
 Nor sober shift , is to the puking wretch
 Indulg'd apart ; but earnest , brimming bowls
 Lave every soul , the table floating round ,
 And pavement , faithless to the fuddled foot.
 Thus as they swim in mutual swill , the talk ,

Vociferous at once from twenty tongues,
Reels fast from theme to theme; from horses, hounds,
To church or mistress, politicks or ghost;
In endless mazes, intricate, perplex'd.
Mean-time, with sudden interruption, loud,
Th' impatient catch bursts from the joyous heart;
That moment touch'd is every kindred soul;
And, opening in a full-mouth'd Cry of joy,
The laugh, the slap, the jocund curse go round;
While, from their slumbers shook, the kennel'd hounds
Mix in the music of the day again.
As when the tempest, that has vex'd the deep
The dark night long, with fainter murmurs falls;
So gradual sinks their mirth. Their feeble tongues,
Unable to take up the cumbrous word,
Lie quite dissolv'd. Before their maudlin eyes,
Seen dim, and blue, the double tapers dance,
Like the sun wading thro' the misty sky.
Then, sliding soft, they drop. Confus'd above,
Glasses and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,
As if the table even itself was drunk,
Lie a wet broken scene; and wide, below,
Is heap'd the social slaughter: where astride
The *lubbar Power* in filthy triumph sits,
Slumbrous, inclining still from side to side,
And steeps them drench'd in potent sleep till morn.
Perhaps some doctor, of tremendous paunch,
Awful and deep, a black abyss of drink,
Out-lives them all; and from his bury'd flock
Retiring, full of rumination sad,
Laments the weakness of these latter times.

But if the rougher sex by this fierce sport
 Is hurried wild, let not such horrid joy
 E'er stain the bosom of the BRITISH FAIR;
 Far be the spirit of the chace from them;
 Uncomely courage, unbeseeming skill,
 To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed,
 The cap, the whip, the masculine attire,
 In which they roughen to the sense, and all
 The winning softness of their sex is lost.
 In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe;
 With every motion, every word, to wave
 Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush;
 And from the smallest violence to shrink
 Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears;
 And by this silent adulation, soft,
 To their protection more engaging Man.
 O may their eyes no miserable sight,
 Save weeping lovers, see! a nobler game,
 Thro' Love's enchanting wiles pursued, yet fled,
 In chace ambiguous. May their tender limbs
 Float in the loose simplicity of dress!
 And, fashion'd all to harmony, alone
 Know they to seize the captivated soul,
 In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips;
 To teach the lute to languish; with smooth step,
 Disclosing motion in its every charm,
 To swim along, and swell the mazy dance;
 To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn;
 To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page;
 To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,
 And heighten Nature's dainties: in their race

To rear their graces into second life;
 To give Society its highest taste;
 Well-ordered Home Man's best delight to make;
 And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
 With every gentle care-eluding art,
 To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
 And sweeten all the toils of human life:
 This be the female dignity, and praise.

Ye swains, now hasten to the hazel-bank;
 Where, down yon dale, the wildly winding brook
 Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array,
 Fit for the thickets and the tangling shrub,
 Ye virgins come. For yon their latest song
 The woodlands raise; the clustering nuts for you
 The lover finds amid the secret shade;
 And, where they burnish on the topmost bough,
 With active vigour crushes down the tree;
 Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk,
 A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown,
 As are the ringlets of MELINDA's hair:
 MELINDA! form'd with every grace complete,
 Yet these neglecting, above beauty wise,
 And far transcending such a vulgar praise.

HENCE from the busy joy-resounding fields,
 In chearful error, let us tread the maze
 Of Autumn, unconfin'd; and taste, reviv'd,
 The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.
 Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,
 From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower
 Incessant melts away. The juicy pear
 Lies, in a soft profusion, scattered round.

The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,
Each fond for each to cull th' autumnal prime,
Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh.
Then comes the crushing swain; the country floats,
And foams unbounded with the mashy flood;
That by degrees fermented, and refin'd,
Round the rais'd nation pours the cup of joy:
The Claret smooth, red as the lip we press
In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl;
The mellow-tasted Burgundy; and quick,
As is the wit it gives, the gay Champaign.

Now, by the cool declining year condens'd,
Descend the copious exhalations, check'd
As up the middle sky unseen they stole,
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,
Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides,
And high between contending kingdoms rears
The rocky long division, fills the view
With great variety; but in a night
Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense
Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far,
The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain:
Vanish the woods; the dim-seen river seems
Sullen, and slow, to roll the misty wave.
Even in the height of noon oppress, the sun
Sheds weak, and blunt; his wide-refracted ray;
Whence glaring oft, with many a broadened orb,
He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,
Seen thro' the turbid air, beyond the life
Objects appear; and, wilder'd, o'er the waste

The shepherd stalks gigantic. Till at last
Wreath'd dun around, in deeper circles still
Successive closing, sits the general fog
Unbounded o'er the world; and, mingling thick,
A formless grey confussion covers all.
As when of old (so sung the HEBREW BARD)
Light, uncollected, thro' the chaos urg'd
Its infant way; nor Order yet had drawn
His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.

These roving mists, that constant now begin
To smoak along the hilly country, these,
With weighty rains, and melted Alpine snows,
The mountain-cisterns fill, those ample stores
Of water, scoop'd among the hollow rocks;
Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains play,
And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw.
Some sages say, that, where the numerous wave
For ever lashes the resounding shore,
Drill'd thro' the sandy stratum, every way,
The waters with the sandy stratum rise;
Amid whose angles infinitely strain'd,
They joyful leave their jaggy salts behind,
And clear and sweeten, as they soak along.
Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still,
Though oft amidst th' irriguous vale it springs;
But to the mountain courted by the sand,
That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,
Far from the parent-main, it boils again
Fresh into day; and all the glittering hill
Is bright with spouting rills. But hence this vain
Amusive dream! why should the waters love

Second Part.

B

To take so far a journey to the hills,
 When the sweet valleys offer to their toil
 Inviting quiet, and a nearer bed?
 Or if, by blind ambition led astray,
 They must aspire; why should they sudden stop
 Among the broken mountain's rushy dells,
 And, ere they gain its highest peak, desert
 Th' attractive sand that charm'd their course so long
 Besides, the hard agglomerating salts,
 The spoil of ages, would impervious choak
 Their secret channels; or, by slow degrees,
 High as the hills protrude the swelling vales:
 Old Ocean too, suck'd thro' the porous globe,
 Had long ere now forsook his horrid bed,
 And brought *Deucalion's* watry times again.

Say then, where lurk the vast eternal springs;
 That, like CREATING NATURE, lie conceal'd
 From mortal eye, yet with their lavish stores
 Refresh the globe, and all its joyous tribes?
 O thou pervading *Genius*, given to Man,
 To trace the secrets of the dark abyss,
 O lay the mountains bare! and wide display
 Their hidden structure to th' astonish'd view!
 Strip from the branching *Alps* their piny load;
 The huge incumbrance of horrific woods
 From *Asian Taurus*, from *Imaus* stretch'd
 Athwart the roving *Tartar's* sullen bounds!
 Give opening *Hemus* to my searching eye,
 And high *Olympus* pouring many a stream!
 O from the sounding summits of the north,
 The *Dofrine Hills*, thro' *Scandanavia* roll'd

To farthest *Lapland* and the frozen main ;
 From lofty *Caucasus*, far-seen by those
 Who in the *Caspian* and black *Euxine* toil ;
 From cold *Riphean Rocks*, which the wild *Russ*
 Believes the (1) *stony girdle* of the world ;
 And all the dreadful mountains wrapt in storm ,
 Whence wide *Siberia* draws her lonely floods ;
 O sweep th' eternal snows ! Hung o'er the deep ,
 That ever works beneath his sounding base ,
 Bid *Aulas* , propping heaven , as Poets feign ,
 His subterranean wonders spread ! unveil
 The miny caverns , blazing on the day ,
 Of *Abyssinia's* cloud compelling cliffs
 And of the bending (2) *Mountains of the Moon* !
 O'ertopping all these giant-sons of earth ,
 Let the dire *Andes* , from the radiant Line
 Stretch'd to the stormy seas that thunder round
 The southern pole , their hideous deeps unfold !
 Amazing scene ! Behold ! the glooms disclose ,
 I see the rivers in their infant beds !
 Deep , deep I hear them , lab'ring to get free !
 I see the leaning strata , artful rang'd ;
 The gaping fissures to receive the rains ,
 The melting snows , and ever-dripping fogs.
 Strow'd bibulous above I see the sands ,
 The pebbly gravel next , the layers then
 Of mingled moulds , of more retentive earths ,

(1) The Moscovites call the Riphean Mountains *Weliki camenypois* , that is , *the great stony Girdle* : because they suppose them to encompass the whole earth.

(2) A range of Mountains in Africa , that surround almost all Monomotapa.

The gutter'd rocks and mazy-running clefts ;
 That, while the stealing moisture they transmit,
 Retard its motion, and forbid its waste.
 Beneath the incessant weeping of these drains,
 I see the rocky siphons stretch'd immense,
 The mighty reservoirs, of hardened chalk
 Or stiff compacted clay, capacious form'd.
 O'erflowing thence, the congregated stores,
 The crystal treasures of the liquid world,
 Thro' the stirr'd sands a bubbling passage burst ;
 And welling out, around the middle steep,
 Or from the bottoms of the bosom'd hills,
 In pure effusion flow. United, thus,
 Th' exhaling sun, the vapour burden'd air,
 The gelid mountains, that to rain condens'd
 These vapours in continual current draw,
 And send them o'er the fair-divided earth,
 In bounteous rivers to the deep again,
 A social commerce hold, and firm support
 The full-adjusted harmony of things.

When Autumn scatters his departing gleams,
 Warn'd of approaching Winter, gathered, play
 The swallow-people; and toss'd wide around,
 O'er the calm sky, in convolution swift,
 The feathered eddy floats : rejoicing once,
 Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire ;
 In clusters clung, beneath the mouldring bank,
 And where, unpierc'd by frost, the cavern sweats,
 Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,
 With other kindred birds of season, there
 They twitter chearful, till the vernal months

Invite them welcome back : for, thronging, now.
Innumerable wings are in commotion all.

Where the *Rhine* loses his majestic force
In *Belgian* plains, won from the raging deep,
By diligence amazing, and the strong
Unconquerable hand of liberty,
The stork-assembly meets; for many a day,
Consulting deep, and various, ere they take
Their arduous voyage thro' the liquid sky.
And now their rout design'd, their leaders chose,
Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings,
And many a circle, many a short essay,
Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full
The figur'd flight ascends; and, riding high
The aërial billows, mixes with the clouds.

Or where the *Northern* ocean, in vast whirls,
Boils round the naked melancholy isles
Of farthest *Thulé*, and the *Atlantic* surge
Pours in among the stormy *Hebrides*;
Who can recount what transmigrations there
Are annual made? what nations come and go?
And how the living clouds on clouds arise?
Infinite wings! till all the plume-dark air,
And rude resounding shore are one wild cry.

Here the plain harmless native his small flock,
And herd diminutive of many hues,
Tends on the little island's verdant swell,
The shepherd's sea-girt reign; or, to the rocks
Dire-clinging, gathers his ovarious food;
Or sweeps the fishy shore; or treasures up
The plumage, rising full, to form the bed

For, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue
Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate ;
While mix'd in thee combine the charm of youth,
The force of manhood, and the depth of age.
Thee, FORBES, too, whom every worth attends,
As truth sincere, as weeping friendship kind,
Thee, truly generous, and in silence great,
Thy country feels thro' her reviving arts,
Plann'd by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform'd ;
And seldom has she known a friend like thee.

But see the fading many-colour'd woods,
Shade deepening over shade, the country round
Imbrown ; a crowded umbrage, dusk, and dun,
Of every hue, from wan declining green
To sooty dark. These now the lonesome Muse,
Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks:
And give the season in its latest view.

MEAN-TIME, light-shadowing all, a sober calm
Fleeces unbounded ether ; whose least wave
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current : while illumin'd wide,
The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
And thro' their lucid veil his softened force
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,
For those whom wisdom and whom Nature charm,
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things ;
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet ;
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace ;
And woo lone *Quiet* in her silent walks.

Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,

Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
And thro' the saddened grove, where scarce is heard
One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.
Haply some widowed songster pours his plaint;
Far, in faint warblings, thro' the tawny copse,
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,
Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock;
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
And nought save chattering discord in their note.
O let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,
The gun the music of the coming year
Destroy; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,
Lay the weak tribes a miserable prey,
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground!
The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove;
Oft startling such as, studious, walk below,
And slowly circles thro' the waving air.
But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams;
Till choak'd, and matted with the dreary shower,
The forest-walks, at every rising gale,
Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak.
Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields;
And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
Their sunny robes resign. Even what remain'd
Of stronger fruits falls from the naked tree;

And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around
The desolated prospect thrills the soul.

He comes ! he comes ! in every breeze the Power
Of PHILOSOPHIC MELANCHOLY comes !

His near approach the sudden-starting tear,
The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,
The softened feature, and the beating heart,
Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare !
O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes ;
Inflames imagination ; thro' the breast
Infuses every tenderness ; and far
Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.
Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such
As never mingled with the vulgar dream,
Croud fast into the Minds creative eye.
As fast the correspondent passions rise,
As varied, and as high : Devotion rais'd
To rapture, and divine astonishment ;
The love of Nature unconfin'd, and, chief,
Of human race ; the large ambitious wish,
To make them blest ; the sigh for suffering worth
Lost in obscurity ; the noble scorn
Of tyrant-pride ; the fearless great resolve ;
The wonder which the dying patriot draws,
Inspiring glory thro' remotest time ;
Th' awakened throb for virtue, and for fame ;
The sympathies of love, and friendship dear ;
With all the *social offspring of the heart*.

Oh bear me then to vast embowring shades,
To twilight groves, and visionary vales ;
To weeping grottoes, and prophetic glooms ;

Where angel forms athwart the solemn dusk,
Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep along;
And voices more than human, thro' the void
Deep-sounding, seize th' enthusiastic ear!

Or is this gloom too much? Then lead, ye powers,
That o'er the garden and the rural seat
Preside, which shining thro' the chearful land
In countless numbers blest BRITANNIA sees;
O lead me to the wide-extended walks,
The fair majestic paradise of STOWE (1) !
Not *Persian Cyrus* on *Ionia's* shore
E'er saw such silvan scenes; such various art
By genius fir'd, such ardent genius tam'd
By cool judicious art; that, in the strife,
All-beauteous Nature fears to be outdone.
And there, O PITT, thy country's early boast,
There let me sit beneath the sheltered slopes,
Or in that (2) *Temple* where, in future times,
Thou well shalt merit a distinguish'd name;
And, with thy converse blest, catch the last smiles
Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods.
While there with thee th' enchanted round I walk,
The regulated wild, gay Fancy then
Will tread in thought the groves of *Attic Land*;
Will from thy standard taste refine her own,
Correct her pencil to the purest truth
Of Nature, or, the unimpassion'd shades
Forsaking, raise it to the human mind.

(1) The seat of the Lord Viscount Cobham.

(2) The Temple of Virtue in Stowe-Gardens.

Or if hereafter she, with *juster* hand,
Shall draw the tragic scene, instruct her thou,
To mark the varied movements of the heart,
What every decent character requires,
And every passion speaks : O thro' her strain
Breathe thy pathetic eloquence ! that moulds
Th' attentive senate, charms, persuades, exalts,
Of honest zeal th' indignant lightning throws ;
And shakes corruption on her venal throne.
While thus we talk, and thro' *Elysian Vales*
Delighted rove, perhaps a sigh escapes :
What pity, *СОВНАМ*, thou thy verdant files
Of ordered trees should here inglorious range,
Instead of squadrons flaming o'er the field,
And long embattled hosts ! when the proud foe
The faithless vain disturber of mankind,
Insulting *Gaul*, has rous'd the world to war ;
When keen, once more, within their bounds to press
Those polish'd robbers, those ambitious slaves,
The *BRITISH YOUTH* would hail thy wise command,
Thy temper'd ardor and thy veteran skill.

The western sun withdraws the shortened day ;
And humid evening, gliding o'er the sky,
In her chill progress, to the ground condens'd
The vapours throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along
The dusky mantled lawn. Mean-while the moon
Full-orb'd, and breaking thro' the scatter'd clouds,
Shews her broad visage in the crimson'd east.
Turn'd to the sun direct, her spotted disk,

Where mountains rise , umbrageous dales descend ,
And caverns deep , as optic tube describes ,
A smaller earth , gives us his blaze again ,
Void of its flame , and sheds a softer day.
Now thro' the passing cloud she seems to stoop ,
Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime.
Wide the pale deluge floats , and streaming mild
O'er the sky'd mountain to the shadowy vale ,
While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam ,
The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
Of silver radiance , trembling round the world.

But when half blotted from the sky her light ,
Fainting , permits the starry fires to burn
With keener lustre thro' the depth of heaven ;
Or near extinct her deadened orb appears ,
And scarce appears , of sickly beamless white ;
Oft in this season , silent from the north
A blaze of meteors shoots : ensweeping first
The lower skies , they all at once converge
High to the crown of heaven , and all at once
Relapsing quick , as quickly reascend ,
And mix , and thwart , extinguish , and renew ,
All ether coursing in a maze of light.

From look to look contagious thro' the crowd ;
The panic runs , and into wondrous shapes
Th' appearance throws : Armies in meet array ,
Throng'd with aërial spears , and steeds of fire ;
Till the long lines of full-extended war
In bleeding fight commixt , the sanguine flood
Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven.
As thus they scan the visionary scene ,

On all sides swells the superstitious din ,
Incontinent ; and busy frenzy talks
Of blood and battle ; cities overturn'd ,
And late at night in swallowing earthquake sunk ,
Or hideous wrapt in fierce ascending flame ;
Of sallow famine, inundation , storm ;
Of pestilence , and every great distress ;
Empires subvers'd , when ruling fate has struck
The unalterable hour : even Nature's self
Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time.
Not so the Man of philosophick eye ,
And inspect sage ; the waving brightness he
Curious surveys , inquisitive to know
The causes , and materials , yet unfix'd ,
Of this appearance beautiful and new.

Now black, and deep, the night begins to fall ,
A shade immense. Sunk in the quenching gloom ,
Magnificent and vast , are heaven and earth.
Order confounded lies ; all beauty void ;
Distinction lost ; and gay variety
One universal blot : such the fair power
Of light to kindle and create the whole.
Drear is the state of the benighted wretch ,
Who then , bewilder'd , wanders thro' the dark ,
Full of pale fancies , and chimeras huge ;
Nor visited by one directive ray ,
From cottage streaming , or from airy hall.
Perhaps impatient as he stumbles on ,
Struck from the root of slimy rushes , blue ,
The wild-fire scatters round , or gathered trails
A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss :

Whither decoy'd by the fantastic blaze,
Now lost and now renew'd, he sinks absorpt,
Rider and horse, amid the miry gulph :
While still, from day to day, his pining wife,
And plaintive children his return await,
In wild conjecture lost. At other times,
Sent hy the *better Genius* of the night :
Innoxious, gleaming on the horse's mane,
The meteor sits ; and shews the narrow path,
That winding leads thro' pits of death, or else
Instructs him how to take the dangerous ford.

The lengthened night elaps'd, the morning shines
Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,
Unfolding fair the last autumnal day.
And now the mounting sun dispels the fog ;
The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam ;
And hung on every spray, on every blade
Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.

Ah see where robb'd, and murder'd, in that pit
Lies the still heaving hive ! at evening snatch'd,
Beneath the cloud of guilt concealing night,
And fix'd o'er sulphur : while, not dreaming ill,
The happy people, in their waxen cells,
Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes
Of temperance, for Winter poor ; rejoic'd
To mark, full flowing round, their copious stores.
Sudden the dark oppressive steam ascends ;
And, us'd to milder scents, the tender race,
By thousands, tumble from their honeyed domes,
Convolv'd, and agonizing in the dust.
And was it then for this you roam'd the Spring,

Must you destroy? Of their ambrosial food
Can you not borrow; and, in just return,
Afford them shelter from the wintry winds;
Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own
Again regale them on some smiling day?
See where the stony bottom of their town
Looks desolate, and wild; with here and there
A helpless number, who the ruin'd state
Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.
Thus a proud city, populous and rich,
Full of the works of peace, and high in joy
At theatre or feast, or sunk in sleep,
(As late, *Palermo*, was thy fate) is seiz'd
By some dread earthquake, and convulsive hurl'd
Sheer from the black foundation, stench-involv'd
Into a gulph of blue sulphureous flame.

Hence every harsher sight! for now the day,
O'er heaven and earth diffus'd, grows warm, and
Infinite splendor! wide investing all.
How still the breeze! save what the filmy threads
Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain.
How clear the cloudless sky! how deeply ting'd
With a peculiar blue! the ethereal arch
How swell'd immense! amid whose azure thron'd

The radiant sun how gay ! how calm below
 The gilded earth ! the harvest-treasures all
 Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,
 Sure to the swain ; the circling fence shut up ;
 And instant Winter's utmost rage defy'd.
 While, loose to festive joy, the country round
 Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth,
 Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-strung youth
 By the quick sense of music taught alone,
 Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.
 Her every charm abroad, the village-toast,
 Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich,
 Darts not unmeaning looks ; and, where her eye
 Points an approving smile, with double force,
 The cudgel rattles, and the wrestler twines.
 Age too shines out ; and, garrulous, recounts
 The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice, nor think
 That, with to-morrow's sun, their annual toil
 Begins again the never-ceasing round.

Oh knew he but his happiness, of Men
 The happiest he ! who far from public rage,
 Deep in the vale, with a *choice Few* retir'd,
 Drinks the pure pleasure of the RURAL LIFE.
 What tho' the dome be wanting, whose proud gate,
 Each morning, vomits out the sneaking crowd
 Of flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd ?
 Vile intercourse ! What tho' the glittering robe,
 Of every hue reflected light can give,
 Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,
 The pride and gaze of fools ! oppress him not ?
 What tho', from utmost land and sea purvey'd,

For him each rarer tributary life
Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
With luxury, and death? What tho' his bowl
Flames not with costly juice; nor sunk in beds,
Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,
Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state?
What tho' he knows not those fantastic joys,
That still amuse the wanton, still deceive;
A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain;
Their hollow moments undelighted all?
Sure peace is his; a solid life, estrang'd
To disappointment, and fallacious hope:
Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the Spring
When heaven descends in showers; or bends the
When Summer reddens, and when Autumn be
Or in the Wintry glebe whatever lies
Conceal'd and fattens with the richest sap:
These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;
Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of strea
And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;
Nor aught besides of prospect, grove, or song,
Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountain cle
Here too dwells simple truth; plain innocence;
Unsullied beauty; sound unbroken youth,
Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;
Health ever blooming; unambitious toil;
Calm contemplation, and poetic ease.

Let others brave the flood in quest of gain,
And beat, for joyless months, the gloomy wave,
Let such as deem it glory to destroy,
Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek;
Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail,
The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry.
Let some, far-distant from their native soil,
Urg'd or by want or hardened avarice,
Find other lands beneath another sun.
Let *this* thro' cities work his eager way,
By legal outrage and establish'd guile,
The social sense extinct; and *that* ferment
Mad into tumult the seditious herd,
Or melt them down to slavery. Let *these*
Insnare the wretched in the toils of law,
Fomenting discord, and perplexing right,
An iron race! and *those* of fairer front,
But equal inhumanity, in courts,
Delusive pomp, and dark cabals, delight;
Wreathe the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile,
And tread the weary labyrinth of state.
While he, from all the stormy passions free,
That restless Men involve, hears, and but hears,
At distance safe, the human tempest roar,
Wrapt close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,
The rage of nations, and the crush of states,
Move not the Man, who, from the world escap'd,
In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,
To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,
And day to day, thro' the revolving year;
Admiring, sees her in her every shape;

Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart ;
Takes what she liberal gives , nor thinks of more
He , when young Spring protrudes the bursting
Marks the first bud , and sucks the healthful ga
Into his freshened soul ; her genial hours
He full enjoys ; and not a beauty blows ,
And not an opening blossom breathes in vain.
In Summer he , beneath the living shade ,
Such as o'er frigid *Tempe* wont to wave ,
Or *Hemus* cool , reads what the Muse , of these
Perhaps , has in immortal numbers sung ;
Or what she dictates writes ; and oft , an eye
Shot round , rejoices in the vigorous year.
When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world ,
And tempts the sickled swain into the field ,
Seiz'd by the general joy , his heart distends
With gentle throws ; and , thro' the tepid gleam
Deep musing , then he *best* exerts his song.
Even Winter wild to him is full of bliss.
The mighty tempest , and the hoary waste ,
Abrupt , and deep , stretch'd o'er the buried earth
Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies ,
Disclos'd , and kindled , by refining frost ,
Pour every lustre on th' exalted eye.
A friend , a book the stealing hours secure ,
And mark them down for wisdom. With swift
O'er land and sea imagination roams ;
Or truth , divinely breaking on his mind ,
Elates his being , and unfolds his powers ;
Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.

'he touch of kindred too and love he feels ;
'he modest eye, whose beams on his alone
xtatic shine ; the little strong embrace
Of prattling children , twin'd around his neck
nd emulous to please him , calling forth
The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay ,
musement , dance , or song , he sternly scorns ;
For happiness and true philosophy
Are of the social still , and smiling kind.
This is the life which those who fret in guilt ,
And guilty cities , never knew ; the life ,
Led by primeval ages , uncorrupt ,
When angels dwelt , and God himself , with Man !

OH NATURE ! all-sufficient ! over all !

Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works !
Snatch me to heaven ; thy rolling wonders there ,
World beyond world , in infinite extent ,
Profusely scattered o'er the blue immense ,
Shew me ; their motions , periods , and their laws ,
Give me to scan ; thro' the disclosing deep
Light my blind way : the mineral *strata* there ;
Thrust , blooming , thence the vegetable world ;
O'er that the rising system , more complex ,
Of animals ; and higher still , the mind ,
The varied scene of quick-compounded thought ,
And where the mixing passions endless shift ;
These ever open to my ravish'd eye ;
A search , the flight of time can ne'er exhaust !
But if to that unequal ; if the blood ,
In sluggish streams about my heart , forbid

That *best* ambition; under closing shades,
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
And whisper to my dreams. From **THEE** begin,
Dwell all on **THEE**, with **THEE** conclude my song;
And let me never never stray from **THEE**!

W I N T E R.

THE ARGUMENT.

ject proposed. Address to the earl of WILMINGTON. approach of Winter. According to the natural course ; season, various storms described. Rain. Wind. Snow. driving of the snows : A man perishing among them ; ce reflections on the wants and miseries of human life. wolves descending from the Alpes and Apennines. A r-evening described: as spent by philosophers ; by the ry people ; in the city. Frost. A view of Winter within olar circle. A thaw. The whole concluding with moral tions on a future state.

WINTER comes, to rule the varied year,
and sad, with all his rising train ;
rs, and *Clouds*, and *Storms*. Be these my theme,
! that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
eavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms!
nial horrors, hail ! with frequent foot,
I have I, in my chearful morn of life,
nurs'd by careless solitude I liv'd,
ing of Nature with unceasing joy,
I have I wander'd thro' your rough domain ;
he pure virgin-snows, myself as pure ;
the winds roar, and the big torrent burst ;
n the deep fermenting tempest brew'd,
grim evening sky. Thus pass'd the time,
ro' the lucid chambers of the south
I out the joyous SPRING, look'd out, and smil'd.

To thee, the patron of *her first* essay
 The Muse, O WILMINGTON! renews her song.
 Since has she rounded the revolving year :
 Skim'd the gay Spring; on eagle-pinions borne,
 Attempted through the Summer-blaze to rise;
 Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy gale;
 And now among the wintry clouds again,
 Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar;
 To swell her note with all the rushing winds;
 To suit her sounding cadence to the floods;
 As in her theme, her numbers wildly great :
 Thrice happy! could she fill the judging ear
 With hold description and with manly thought.
 Nor art thou skill'd in awful schemes alone,
 And how to make a mighty people thrive :
 But equal goodness, sound integrity,
 A firm, unshaken, uncorrupted soul
 Amid a sliding age, and burning strong,
 Not vainly blazing for thy covntry's weal,
 A steady spirit regularly free ;
 These, each exalting each, the statesman light
 Into the patriot; these, the public hope
 And eye to thee converting, bid the Muse
 Record what envy dares not flattery call.

Now when the chearless empire of the sky
 To *Capricorn* the *Centaur Archer* yields,
 And fierce *Aquarius*, stains th' inverted year;
 Hung o'er the farthest verge of heaven, the sun
 Scarce spreads thro' ether the dejected day.
 Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot
 His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,

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Thro' the thick air; as cloath'd in cloudy storm,
Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky;
And, soon-descending, to the long dark night,
Wide-shading all, the prostrate world resigns.
Nor is the night unwish'd; while vital heat,
Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forsake.
Mean-time, in sable cincture, shadows vast,
Deep-ting'd and damp, and congregated clouds,
And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven,
Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls,
A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,
Thro' Nature shedding influence malign,
And rouses up the seeds of dark disease.
The soul of Man dies in him, loathing life,
And black with more than melancholy views.
The cattle droop; and o'er the furrowed land,
Fresh from the plough, the dun discolour'd flocks,
Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root.
Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
Sighs the sad *Genius* of the coming storm;
And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,
And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook,
And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan,
Resounding long in listening Fancy's ear.

THEN comes the father of the tempest forth,
Wrapt in black glooms. First joyless rains obscure
Drive thro' the mingling skies with vapour foul;
Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods,
That grumbling wave below. The unsightly plain
Lies a brown deluge; as the low-bent clouds
Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still

Second Part.

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Combine, and deepening into night shut up
The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven,
Each to his home, retire; save those that love
To take their pastime in the troubled air;
Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.
The cattle from the untasted fields return,
And ask, with meaning lowe, their wonted stalls,
Or ruminat in the contiguous shade.
Thither the household feathery people crowd,
The crested cock, with all his female train,
Pensive, and dripping; while the cottage-hind
Hangs o'er th' enlivening blaze, and taleful there
Recounts his simple frolick: much he talks,
And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blow
Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

Wide o'er the brim with many a torrent swell'd,
And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erspread,
At last the rous'd-up river pours along:
Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
From the rude mountain, and the mossy wild,
Tumbling thro' rocks abrupt, and sounding far;
Then o'er the sanded valley floating spreads,
Calm, sluggish, silent; till again, constrain'd
Between two meeting hills, it bursts away,
Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream;
There gathering triple force, rapid, and deep,
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through

Nature! great parent! whose unceasing hand
Rolls round the Seasons of the changeful year,
How mighty, how majestic, are thy works!
With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul!

it sees astonish'd ! and astonish'd sings !
 too, ye winds ! that now begin to blow,
 th' boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.
 Where are your stores, ye powerful beings ! say,
 Where your aërial magazines reserv'd,
 To swell the brooding terrors of the storm ?
 What far-distant region of the sky,
 Sh'd in deep silence, sleep ye when 'tis calm ?
 When from the pallid sky the sun descends,
 Th' many a spot, that o'er his glaring orb
 Certain wanders, stain'd ; red fiery streaks
 Rin to flush around. The reeling clouds
 Gger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet
 Which master to obey : while rising slow,
 Sink, in the leaden-colour'd east, the moon
 Shows a wan circle round her blunted horns.
 On thro' the turbid fluctuating air,
 The stars obtuse emit a shivered ray ;
 Frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,
 And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.
 Catch'd in short eddies, plays the wither'd leaf ;
 And on the flood the dancing feather floats.
 With broadened nostrils to the sky up-turn'd,
 The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale.
 Even as the matron, at her nightly task,
 With pensive labour draws the flaxen thread,
 The wasted taper and the crackling flame
 Retell the blast. But chief the plummy race,
 The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.
 Tiring from the downs, where all day long
 They pick'd their scanty fare, a blackening train

Of clamorous rooks thick urge their weary flight ,
And seek the closing shelter of the grove ;
Assiduous , in his bower , the wailing owl
Plies his sad song . The cormorant on high
Wheels from the deep , and screams along the land
Louds shrieks the soaring hern ; and with wild wing
The circling sea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds .
Ocean , unequal press'd , with broken tide
And blind commotion heaves ; while from the shore ,
Eat into caverns by the restless wave ,
And forest rustling mountains , comes a voice ,
That solemn sounding bids the world prepare .
Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst ,
And hurls the whole precipitated air ,
Down , in a torrent . On the passive main
Descends th' ethereal force , and with strong gust
Turns from its bottom the discolour'd deep .
Thro' the black night that sits immense around ,
Lash'd into foam , the fierce conflicting brine
Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn :
Mean-time the mountain-billows , to the clouds
In dreadful tumult swell'd , surge above surge ,
Burst into Chaos with tremendous roar ,
And anchor'd navies from their stations drive ,
Wild as the winds across the howling waste
Of mighty waters : now th' inflated wave
Straining they scale , and now impetuous shoot
Into the secret chambers of the deep ,
The wintry *Baltick* thundering o'er their head .
Emerging thence again , before the breath
Of full-exerted heaven they wing their course ,

and dart on distant coasts ; if some sharp rock ,
Or shoal insidious break not their career ,
and in loose fragments fling them floating round .

Nor less at land the loosened tempest reigns .

The mountain thunders ; and its sturdy sons
stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade .

One on the midnight steep , and all aghast ,
The dark way-faring stranger breathless toils ,
and , often falling , climbs against the blast .

Now waves the rooted forest , vex'd , and sheds

What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain ;

Dash'd down , and scattered , by the tearing wind's
Assiduous fury , its gigantic limbs .

Thus struggling thro' the dissipated grove ,

The whirling tempest raves along the plain ;

and on the cottage thatch'd , or lordly roof ,
Keen-fastening , shakes them to the solid base .

Deep frightened flies ; and round the rocking dome ,

For entrance eager , howls the savage blast .

Then too , they say , thro' all the burthen'd air ,

Long groans are heard , shrill sounds , and distant sighs ,

That , uttered by the Demon of the night ,

Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death .

Huge uproar lords it wide . The clouds commix'd

With stars swift gliding sweep along the sky .

All Nature reels . Till Nature's KING , who oft

amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone ,

and on the wings of the careering wind

Walks dreadfully serene , commands a calm ;

Then straight air , sea and earth are hush'd at once .

As yet 'tis midnight deep . The weary clouds ,

Slow meeting, mingle into solid gloom.
Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,
Let me associate with the serious *Night*,
And *Contemplation* her sedate compeer;
Let me shake off th' intrusive cares of day,
And lay the meddling senses all aside.

Where now, ye lying vanities of life!
Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating train!
Where are you now? and what is your amount?
Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.
Sad, sickening thought! and yet deluded Man,
A scene of crude disjointed visions past,
And broken slumbers, rises still resolv'd,
With new-flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round

Father of light and life! thou GOOD SUPREME!
O teach me what is good! teach me THYSELF!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!

The keener tempests rise: and fuming dun
From all the livid east, or piercing north,
Thick clouds ascend; in whose capacious womb
A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;
And the sky saddens with the gathered storm.
Thro' the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin wavering; 'till at last the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day,
With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields
Put on their winter-robe of purest white.

'is brightness all; save where the new snow melts
 long the many current. Low, the woods
 bow their hoar head; and, ere the languid sun
 faint from the west emits his evening ray,
 earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill;
 one wild dazzling waste, that baries wide
 the works of Man. Drooping, the labourer-ox
 lands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
 the fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
 am'd by the cruel season, croud around
 the winnowing store, and claim the little boon
 which PROVIDENCE assigns them. One alone,
 the red-breast, sacred to the household gods,
 wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,
 joyless fields, and thorny thickets, leaves
 is shivering mates, and pays to trusted Man
 his annual visit. Half-afraid, he first
 against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
 on the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
 yes all the smiling family askance,
 and pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is:
 'ill more familiar grown, the table-crums
 attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
 pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
 ho' timorous of heart, and hard beset
 by death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
 and more unpitying Men, the garden seeks,
 urg'd on by fearless want. The bleating kind
 peep the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
 with looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispers'd,
 lie for the withered herb thro' heaps of snow.

Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind,
Baffle the raging year, and fill their penna . . .
With food at will; lodge them below the storm, . .
And watch them strict: for from the bellowing east,
In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing . .
Sweeps up the burthen of whole wintry plains
At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks, .
Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
The billowy tempest whelms; 'till, upward urg'd,
The valley to a shining mountain swells,
Tipt with a wreath high curling in the sky.

As thus, the snows arise; and foul, and fierce,
All Winter drives along the darkened air; . . .
In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain
Disaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow; and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain: .
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray;
Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of hor
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!
What black despair, what horror fills his heart!
When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd
His tufted cottage rising thro' the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track, and blest abode of Man;
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest, howling o'er his head,

Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent ! beyond the power of frost,
Of faithless hogs ; of precipices huge ;
Smooth'd up with snow ; and , what is land , unknown ,
What water of the still unfrozen spring ,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake ,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
These check his fearful steps ; and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift ,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death ,
Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots
Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying Man ,
His wife , his children , and his friends unseen.
In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing , and the vestment warm ;
In vain his little children , peeping out
Into the mingling storm , demand their sire ,
With tears of artless innocence. Alas !
Nor wife , nor children , more shall he behold ,
Nor friends , nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly Winter seizes ; shuts up sense ;
And , o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold ,
Lays him along the snows , a stiffened corse ,
Stretch'd out ; and bleaching in the northern blast.

Ah ! little think the gay licentious proud ,
Whom pleasure , power , and affluence surround ,
They , who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth ,
And wanton , often cruel , riot waste ;
Ah ! little think they , while they dance along ,

How many feel, this very moment, death,
And all the sad variety of pain.
How many sink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,
By shameful variance betwixt Man and Man.
How many pine in want; and dungeon glooms;
Shut from the common air, and common use
Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery. Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty. How many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse;
Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
They furnish matter for the tragic Muse.
Even in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,
With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd,
How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop
In deep retir'd distress. How many stand
Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
And point the parting anguish. Thought fond Man
Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
That one incessant struggle render life,
One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think;
The conscious heart of Charity would warm,
And her wide wish Benevolence dilate;
The social tear would rise, the social sigh;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,

Refining still, the social passions work.

And here can I forget the generous (1) hand,
Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd
Into the horrors of the gloomy jail?
Unpitied, and unheard, where misery moans;
Where sickness pines; where thirst and hunger burn,
And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice.
While in the land of liberty, the land
Whose every street and public meeting glow
With open freedom, little tyrants rag'd;
Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth;
Tore from cold wintry limbs the tatter'd weed;
Even robb'd them of the last of comforts, sleep;
The free-born **BARTON** to the dungeon chain'd,
Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd,
At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes;
And crush'd out lives, by secret barbarous ways,
That for their country would have toil'd, or bled.
O great design! if executed well,
With patient care, and wisdom-temper'd zeal.
Ye sons of mercy! yet resume the search;
Drag forth the legal monsters into light,
Wrench from their hands oppression's iron rod,
And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.
Much still untouch'd remains; in this rank age,
Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd.
The toils of law, (what dark insidious Men
Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth,
And lengthen simple justice into trade)

(1) The Jail Committee, in the year 1729.

How glorious were the day ! that saw these broke ,
And every Man within the reach of right.

By wintry famine rous'd , from all the tract
Of horrid mountains which the shining *Alps* ,
And wavy *Appenine* , and *Pyrenees* ,
Branch out stupendous into distant lands ;
Cruel as death , and hungry as the grave !
Burning for blood ! bony , and ghaut , and grim !
Assembling wolves in raging troops descend ;
And , pouring o'er the country , bear along ,
Keen as the north-wind sweeps the glossy snow.
All is their prize. They fasten on the steed ,
Press him to earth , and pierce his mighty heart.
Nor can the bull his awful front defend ,
Or shake the murdering savages away.
Rapacious , at the mother's throat they fly ,
And tear the screaming infant from her breast.
The godlike face of Man avails him nought.
Even beauty , force divine ! at whose bright glance
The generous lion stands in softened gaze ,
Here bleeds a hapless undistinguished prey.
But if , appriz'd of the severe attack ,
The country be shut up , lur'd by the scent ,
On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate !)
The disappointed prowlers fall , and dig
The shrouded body from the grave ; o'er which ,
Mix'd with foul shades , and frighted ghosts , they ho

Among those hilly regions , where embrac'd
In peaceful vales the happy *Grisons* dwell ;
Oft , rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs ,
Mountains of snow their gathering terrors roll.

From steep to steep, loud-thundering down they come,
A wintry waste in dire commotion all ;
And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and swains,
And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops ;
Or hamlets sleeping in the dead of night,
Are deep beneath the smothering ruin whelm'd.

Now, all amid the rigours of the year,
In the wild depth of Winter, while without
The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat,
Between the groaning forest and the shore
Beat by the boundless multitude of waves,
A rural, shelter'd, solitary, scene ;
Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join,
To cheer the gloom. There studious let me sit,
And hold high converse with the MIGHTY DEAD ;
Sages of ancient time, as gods rever'd,
As gods beneficent, who blest mankind
With arts, with arms, and humaniz'd a world.
Rous'd at th' inspiring thought, I throw aside
The long-liv'd volume ; and deep-musing, hail
The sacred shades, that slowly-rising pass
Before my wondering eyes. First SOCRATES,
Who, firmly good in a corrupted state,
Against the rage of tyrants *single* stood,
Invincible ! calm Reason's holy law,
That *Voice* of God within th' attentive mind,
Obying, fearless, or in life, or death :
Great moral teacher ! *Wise*st of Mankind !
SOLOM the next, who built his common-weal
On equity's wide base ; by *tender laws*
A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd,

Preserving still that quick peculiar fire,
 Whence in the laurel'd fields of finer arts,
 And of bold freedom, they unequal'd shone,
 The pride of smiling GREECE, and human-kind.
 LYCURGUS then, who bow'd beneath the force
 Of strictest discipline, *severely wise*,
 All human passions. Following him, I see,
 As at *Thermopylæ* he glorious fell,
 The firm (1) DEVOTED CHIEF, who prov'd by deeds
 The hardest lesson which the *other* taught.
 Then ARISTIDES lifts his honest front;
 Spotless of heart, to whom th' unflattering voice
 Of freedom gave the noblest name of *Just*;
 In pure majestic poverty rever'd;
 Who, even his glory to his country's weal
 Submitting, swell'd a haughty (2) *Rival's* fame.
 Rear'd by his care, of softer ray appears
 CIMON sweet-soul'd; whose genius, rising strong,
 Shook off the load of young debauch; abroad
 The scourge of *Persian* pride, at home the friend
 Of every worth and every splendid art;
 Modest, and simple, in the pomp of wealth.
 Then the last worthies of declining GREECE,
 Late call'd to glory, in *unequal* times,
 Pensive, appear. The fair *Corinthian* boast,
 TIMOLEON, happy temper! mild, and firm,
 Who wept the *Brother* while the *Tyrant* bled.
 And, equal to the best, the (3) THEBAN PAIR,

(1) LEONIDAS.

(2) THEMISTOCLES.

(3) PELOPIDAS and EPAMINONDAS.

Whose virtues, in *heroic Concord* join'd,
 Their country rais'd to freedom, empire, fame.
 He too, with whom *Athenian* honour sunk,
 And left a mass of sordid lees behind,
 PHOCION the *Good*; in public life severe,
 To virtue still inexorably firm;
 But when, beneath his low illustrious roof,
 Sweet peace and happy wisdom smooth'd his brow,
 Not friendship softer was, nor love more kind.
 And he, the *last* of old LYCURGUS' sons,
 The generous victim to that vain attempt,
 To save a rotten State, AGIS, who saw
 Even SPARTA's self to servile avarice sunk.
 The two *Achaian* heroes close the train.
 ARATUS, who a while relum'd the soul
 Of fondly lingering liberty in GREECE:
 And he her darling as her latest hope
 The gallant PHILOPOEMEN; who to arms
 Turn'd the luxurious pomp he could not cure;
 Or toiling in his farm, a simple swain;
 Or, bold and skilful, thundering in the field.

Of rougher front, a mighty people come!
 A race of heroes! in those virtuous times
 Which knew no stain, save that with partial flame
 Their *dearest* country they *too fondly* lov'd:
 Her *better Founder* first, the light of ROME,
 NUMA, who soften'd her rapacious sons:
 SERVIUS the *King*, who laid the solid base
 On which o'er earth the *vast republic* spread.
 Then the great consuls venerable rise.

The (1) PUBLIC FATHER who the *Private* quell'd,
 As on the dread tribunal sternly sad.
 He, whom his thankless country *could not* lose,
 CAMILLUS, only vengeful to her foes.
 FABRICIUS, scorner of all-conquering gold;
 And CINCINNATUS, awful from the plough.
 Thy (2) WILLING VICTIM, *Carthage*, bursting loose
 From all that pleading Nature could oppose,
 From a whole city's tears, by rigid faith
 Imperious call'd, and honour's dire command.
 SCIPIO, the *gentle chief*, humanely brave,
 Who soon the race of spotless glory ran,
 And, warm in youth, to the *Poetic shade*
 With *Friendship* and *Philosophy* retir'd.
 TULLY, whose powerful eloquence a while
 Restrain'd the *rapid* fate of rushing ROME.
 Unconquer'd CATO, virtuous in *extreme*.
 And thou, unhappy BRUTUS, kind of heart,
 Whose steady arm, by awful virtue urg'd,
 Lifted the *Roman steel* against thy *Friend*.
 Thousands besides the tribute of a verse
 Demand; but who can count the stars of heaven?
 Who sing their influence on this lower world?
 Behold, who yonder comes! in sober state,
 Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal sun:
 'Tis *Phæbus*' self, or else the *Mantuan Swain*!
 Great HOMER too appears, of daring wing,
 Parent of song! and *equal* by his side,
 The BRITISH MUSE; join'd hand in hand they walk,

(1) MARCUS JUNIUS BRUTUS.

(2) REGULUS.


Darkling, full up the middle steep to fame.
 Nor absent are those shades, whose skilful touch
 Pathetic drew th' impassion'd heart, and charm'd
 Transported *Athens* with the MORAL SCENE:
 Nor those who, tuneful, wak'd th' enchanting LYRE.

First of your kind! society divine!
 Still visit thus my nights, for you reserv'd,
 And mount my soaring soul to thoughts like yours.
 Silence, thou lonely power! the door be thine;
 See on the hallowed hour that none intrude,
 Have a few chosen friends, who sometimes deign
 To bless my humble roof, with sense refin'd,
 Learning digested well, exalted faith,
 Instudy'd wit, and humour ever gay.
 Or from the Muses's hill will PORE descend,
 To raise the sacred hour, to bid it smile,
 And with the social spirit warm the heart:
 For tho' not sweeter his own HOMER sings,
 Yet is his life the more endearing song.

Where art thou, HAMMOND? thou the darling pride,
 The friend and lover of the tuneful throng!
 Ah why, dear youth, in all the blooming prime
 Of vernal genius, where disclosing fast
 Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,
 Why wert thou ravish'd from our hope so soon?
 What now avails that noble thirst of fame,
 Which stung thy fervent breast? that treasur'd store
 Of knowledge, early gain'd? that eager zeal
 To serve thy country, glowing in the band
 Of YOUTHFUL PATRIOTS, who sustain her name?
 What now, alas! that life diffusing charm

Of sprightly wit ? that rapture for the Muse,
That heart of friendship, and that soul of joy,
Which bade with softest light thy virtues smile?
Ah! only shew'd, to check our fond pursuits,
And teach our humble hopes that life is vain!

Thus in some deep retirement would I pass
The winter-glooms, with friends of pliant soul,
Or blithe, or solemn, as the theme inspir'd:
With them would search, if Nature's boundless frame
Was call'd, late-rising from the void of night,
Or sprung *eternal* from th' *ETERNAL MIND*;
Its life, its laws, its progress, and its end.
Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole
Would, gradual, open on our opening minds;
And each diffusive harmony unite
In full perfection, to th' astonish'd eye.
Then would we try to scan the *moral World*,
Which, tho' to us it seems embroil'd, moves on
In higher order; fitted, and impell'd,
By *WISDOM's* finest hand, and issuing all
In *general Good*. The sage historic Muse
Should next conduct us thro' the deeps of time:
Shew us how empire grew, declin'd, and fell,
In scatter'd states; what makes the nations smile,
Improves their soil, and gives them double suns;
And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,
In Nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd,
Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale
That portion of divinity, that ray
Of purest heaven, which lights the public soul
Of patriots, and of heroes. But if doom'd,



powerless humble fortune, to repress
 these ardent risings of the kindling soul ;
 men, even superior to ambition, we
 could learn the private virtues ; how to glide
 o' shades and plains, along the smoothest stream
 of rural life : or snatch'd away by hope,
 o' the dim spaces of futurity,
 with earnest eye anticipate those scenes
 of happiness, and wonder ; where the mind,
 knows endless growth and infinite ascent,
 passes from state to state, and world to world.
 When with these the serious thought is foil'd,
 and, shifting for relief, would play the shapes
 of frolic fancy ; and incessant form
 these rapid pictures, that assembled train
 fleet ideas, never join'd before,
 whence lively *Wit* excites to gay surprize ;
 folly-painting *Humour*, grave himself,
 sends laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve.
 Lean-time the village rouses up the fire ;
 while well attested, and as well believ'd,
 and solemn, goes the goblin-story round ;
 that superstitious horror creeps o'er all.
 When frequent in the sounding hall, they wake
 the rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round ;
 the simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,
 easily pleas'd ; the long loud laugh, sincere ;
 the kiss, snatch'd hasty from the side-long maid,
 the purpose guardless, or pretending sleep :
 the leap, the slap, the haul ; and, shook to notes
 of native music, the respondent dance.

Thus jocund fleets with them the winter-night.

The city swarms intense. The public haunt,
Full of each theme, and warm with mixt discours
Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow
Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy,
To swift destruction. On the rankled soul
The gaming fury falls; and in one gulph
Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,
Friends, families, and fortune, headlong sink.
Up-springs the dance along the lighted dome,
Mix'd, and evolv'd, a thousand sprightly ways.
The glittering court effuses every pomp;
The circle deepens: beam'd from gaudy robes,
Tapers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves:
While, a gay insect in *his* summer-shine,
The fop, light-fluttering, preads his mealy wings

Dread o'er the scene, the ghost of HAMLET stall
OTHERLO rages; poor MONIMIA mourns;
And BELVIDERA pours her soul in love.
Terror alarms the breast; the comely tear
Steals o'er the cheek: or else the COMIC MUSK
Holds to the world a picture of itself,
And raises sly the fair impartial laugh.

Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the scen
Of beauteous life; whate'er can deck mankind,
Or charm the heart, in generous (1) BEVIL shew'd

O Thou, whose wisdom, solid yet refin'd,
Whose patriot virtues, and consummate skill

(1) A character in the *CONSCIOUS LOVERS*, written by Sir Richard Steele.

To touch the finer springs that move the world,
Join'd to whate'er the *Graces* can bestow,
And all *Apollo's* animating fire,
Give thee, with pleasing dignity, to shine
At once the guardian, ornament, and joy,
Of polish'd life; permit the *Rural Muse*,
O CHESTERFIELD, to grace with thee her song!
Ere to the shades again she humbly flies,
Indulge her fond ambition, in thy train,
(For every *Muse* has in thy train a place)
To mark thy various full-accomplish'd mind:
To mark that spirit, which, with *British scorn*,
Rejects th' allurements of corrupted power;
That elegant politeness, which excels,
Even in the judgment of presumptuous *France*,
The boasted manners of her shining court;
That wit, the vivid energy of sense,
The truth of Nature, which, with *Auic* point,
And kind well-temper'd satire, smoothly keen,
Steals thro' the soul, and without pain corrects.
Or, rising thence with yet a brighter flame,
O let me hail thee on some glorious day,
When to the listening senate, ardent, croud
BRITANNIA'S sons to hear her pleaded cause.
Then drest by thee, more amiably fair,
Truth the soft robe of mild persuasion wears:
Thou to assenting reason giv'st again
Her own enlightened thoughts; call'd from the heart
Th' obedient passions on thy voice attend;
And even reluctant party feels a while
Thy gracious power: as thro' the varied maze

Of eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong
Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood.

To thy lov'd haunt return, my happy Muse :
For now, behold, the joyous winter-days,
Frosty, succeed; and thro' the blue serene,
For sight too fine, th' ethereal nitre flies;
Killing infectious damps, and the spent air
Storing afresh with elemental life.

Close crouds the shining atmosphere; and binds
Our strengthened bodies in its cold embrace,
Constringent; feeds, and animates our blood;
Refines our spirits, thro' the new-strung nerves,
In swifter fallies darting to the brain;
Where sits the soul, intense, collected, cool,
Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.

All Nature feels the renovating force
Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye
In ruin seen. The frost-concocted glebe
Draws in abundant vegetable soul,
And gathers vigour for the coming year.
A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek
Of ruddy fire: and luculent along.

The purer rivers flow; their sullen deeps,
Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze,
And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.

What art thou, frost? and whence are thy keen store
Deriv'd, thou secret all-invading power,
Whom even th' illusive fluid cannot fly?
Is not thy potent energy, unseen,
Myriads of little salts, or hook'd, or shap'd
Like double wedges, and diffus'd immense

Thro' water, earth, and ether? Hence at eve,
Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,
With the fierce rage of Winter deep suffus'd,
An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool
Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
Arrests the bickering stream. The loosened ice,
Let down the flood, and half dissolv'd by day,
Rustles no more; but to the sedgy bank
Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,
A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven
Cemented firm; till, seiz'd from shore to shore,
The whole imprison'd river grows below.
Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
A double noise; while, at his evening watch,
The village dog deters the nightly thief;
The heifer lows; the distant water-fall
Swells in the breeze; and, with the hasty tread
Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain
Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,
Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,
Shines out intensely keen; and, all one cope
Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.
From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,
Thro' the still night, incessant, heavy, strong
And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on;
Til morn, late-rising o'er the drooping world,
Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
The various labour of the silent night:
Prone from the dripping eave, and dumb cascade,
Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
The pendant icicle; the frost-work fair,

Where transient hues, and fancy'd figures rise ;
Wide-spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,
A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn ;
The forest bent beneath the plummy wave ;
And by the frost refin'd the whiter snow,
Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread
Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks
His pining flock, or from the mountain top,
Pleas'd with the slippery surface, swift descends.

On blithsome frolicks bent, the youthful swains,
While every work of Man is laid at rest,
Fond o'er the river crowd, in various sport
And revelry dissolv'd ; where mixing glad,
Happiest of all their train ! the raptur'd boy
Lashes the whirling top. Or, where the *Rhine*
Branch'd out in many a long canal extends,
From every province swarming, void of care,
Batavia rushes forth ; and as they sweep,
On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,
In circling poise, swift as the winds, along,
The *then gay* land is maddened all to joy.
Nor less the northern courts, wide o'er the snow,
Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds,
Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
The long-resounding course. Mean-time, to raise
The manly strife, with highly blooming charms,
Flush'd by the season, *Scandinavia's* dames,
Or *Russia's* buxom daughters glow around.

Pure, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome day ;
But soon elaps'd. The horizontal sun,
Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon :

And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid cliff:
 His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,
 Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
 Relents a while to the reflected ray,
 Or from the forest falls the cluster'd snow,
 Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam
 Gay-twinkle as they scatter. Thick around
 Thunders the sport of those, who with the gun,
 And dog impatient bounding at the shot,
 Worse than the season, desolate the fields;
 And, adding to the ruins of the year,
 Distress the footed or the feathered game.

But what is this? Our infant Winter sinks,
 Divested of his grandeur, should our eye
 Astonish'd shoot into the *Frigid Zone*;
 Where, for relentless months, continual night
 Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry reign.

There, thro' the prison of unbounded wilds,
 Barr'd by the hand of Nature from escape,
 Wide roams the *Russian* exile. Nought around
 Strikes his sad eye, but deserts lost in snow;
 And heavy-loaded groves; and solid floods,
 That stretch, athwart the solitary vast,
 Their icy horrors to the frozen main;
 And cheerless towns far-distant, never bless'd,
 Save when its annual course the caravan
 Bends to the golden coast of rich (1) *Cathey*,
 With news of human-kind. Yet there life glows;
 Yet cherish'd there, beneath the shining waste,

(1) The old name of China.

The furry nations harbour : tipt with jet,
 Fair ermines, spotless as the snows they press;
 Sables, of glossy black; and dark-embrown'd,
 Or beauteous sreakt with many a mingled hue,
 Thousands besides, the costly pride of courts.
 There, warm together press'd, the trooping deer
 Sleep on the new-fallen snows; and, scarce his head
 Rais'd o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk
 Lies slumbering sullen in the white abyss.
 The ruthless hunter wants nor dogs nor toils,
 Nor with the dread of sounding bows he drives
 The fearful flying race; with ponderous clubs,
 As weak against the mountain-heaps they push
 Their beating breast in vain, and piteous bray,
 He lays them quivering on th' ensanguined snows,
 And with loud shouts rejoicing bears them home.
 There, thro' the piny forest half-absorpt,
 Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear;
 With dangling tee all horrid, stalks forlorn;
 Slow pac'd, and sower as the storms increase,
 He makes his bed beneath th' inclement drift,
 And, with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,
 Hardens his heart against assailing want.

Wide o'er the spacious regions of the north,
 That see *Bootes* urge his tardy wain,
 A boisterous race, by frosty (1) *Calius* pierc'd,
 Who little pleasure know and fear no pain,
 Prolific swarm. They once return'd the flame
 Of lost mankind in polish'd slavery sunk,

(1) The North-West Wind.

Drove martial (1) horde on horde, with dreadful sweep
Resistless rushing o'er th' enfeebled south,
And gave the vanquish'd world another form.
Not such the sons of *Lapland* : wisely they
Despise th' insensate barbarous trade of war :
They ask no more than simple Nature gives,
They love their mountains and enjoy their storms.
No false desires, no pride-created wants,
Disturb the peaceful current of their time ;
And thro' the restless ever-tortur'd maze
Of pleasure, or ambition, bid it rage.
Their rein-deer form their riches. These their tents,
Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth
Supply, their wholesome fare, and chearful cups.
Obsequious at their call, the docile tribe
Yield to the sled their necks, and whirl them swift
O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanse
Of marbled snow, as far as eye can sweep,
With a blue crust of ice unbounded glaz'd.
By dancing meteors then, that ceaseless shake
A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens,
And vivid moons, and stars that keener play
With doubled lustre from the glossy waste,
Even in the depth of *Polar Night*, they find
A wondrous day ; enough to light the chase,
Or guide their daring steps to *Finland-fairs*.
Wish'd Spring returns ; and from the hazy south,
While dim *Aurora* slowly moves before,
The welcome sun, just verging up at first,

(2) The wandering Scythian-Clans.

By small degrees extends the swelling curve !
 Till seen at last for gay rejoicing months ,
 Still round and round , his spiral course he winds ,
 And as he nearly dips his flaming orb ,
 Wheels up again , and reascends the sky .
 In that glad season , from the lakes and floods ,
 Where pure (1) *Niemi's* fairy mountains rise ,
 And fring'd with roses (2) *Tenglio* rolls his stream ,
 They draw the copious fry . With these , at eve ,
 They chearful-loaded to their tents repair ;
 Where , all day long in useful cares employ'd ,
 Their kind unblemish'd wives the fire prepare .
 Thrice happy race ! by poverty secur'd
 From legal plunder and rapacious power :
 In whom fell interest never yet has sown
 The seeds of vice : whose spotless swains ne'er knew
 Injurious deed , nor , blasted by the breath
 Of faithless love , their blooming daughters woe .

Still pressing on , beyond *Tornéa's* lake ,
 And *Hecla* flaming thro' a waste of snow ,
 And farthest *Greenland* , to the pole itself ,

(1) M. de Maupertuis , in his book on *the Figure of the Earth* , after having described the beautiful Lake and Mountain of *Niemi* in Lapland , says — « From this height we had » opportunity several times to see those vapours rise from the » Lake , which the people of the country call *Haltios* , and » which they deem to be the guardian Spirits of the Mountains . » We had been frighted with stories of Bears that haunted this » place , but saw none . It seem'd rather a place of resort for » Fairies and Genii , than Bears » .

(2) The same Author observes — « I was surprised to see » upon the banks of this river (the *Tenglio*) . Roses of as lively » a red as any that are in our gardens » .

Where, failing gradual, life at length goes out,
The Muse expands her solitary flight;
And, hovering o'er the wild stupendous scene,
Beholds new seas beneath (1) another sky.
Thron'd in his palace of cerulean ice,
Here WINTER holds his unrejoicing court;
And thro' his airy hall the loud misrule
Of driving tempest is for ever heard:
Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath;
Here arms his winds with all sub-duing frost;
Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows,
With which he now oppresses half the globe.

Thence winding eastward to the *Tartar's* coast,
She sweeps the howling margin of the main;
Where undissolving, from the first of time,
Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky;
And icy mountains high on mountains pil'd,
Seem to the shivering sailor from afar,
Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds.
Projected-huge, and horrid, o'er the surge,
Alps frown on Alps; or rushing hideous down,
As if old Chaos was again return'd,
Wide rend the deep, and shake the solid pole,
Ocean itself no longer can resist
The binding fury; but, in all its rage
Of tempest taken by the boundless frost,
Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,
And bid to roar no more: a bleak expanse,
Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless, and void

(1) The other Hemisphere.

Of every life, that from the dreary months
 Flies conscious southward. Miserable they
 Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
 Take their last look of the descending sun;
 While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,
 The long long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
 Falls horrible. Such was the (1) *Bairon's* fate,
 As with *first* prow, (what have not *Bairons* dar'd!)
 He for the passage sought, attempted since
 So much in vain, and seeming to be shut
 By jealous Nature with eternal bars.
 In these fell regions, in *Arzina* caught,
 And to the stony deep his idle ship
 Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew,
 Each full exerted at his several task,
 Froze into statues; to the cordage glued
 The sailor, and the pilot to the helm.

Hard by these shores, where scarce his freezing stream
 Rolls the wild *Oby*, live the last of Men;
 And half enlivened by the distant sun,
 That rears and ripens Man, as well as plants,
 Here human Nature wears its rudest form.
 Deep from the piercing season sunk in caves,
 Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,
 They waste the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs,
 Dose the gross race. Nor sprightly jest, nor song,
 Nor tenderness they know; nor aught of life,
 Beyond the kindred bears that stalk without.
 Till morn at length, her roses drooping all,

(1) Sir Hugh Willoughby, sent by Queen Elizabeth to discover the North-East passage.

Sheds a long twilight, brightening o'er their fields,
And calls the quivered savage to the chase.

What cannot active government perform,
New moulding Man? Wide-stretching from these
A people savage from remotest time, (shores,
A huge neglected empire, ONE VAST MIND,
By HEAVEN inspir'd, from Gothic darkness call'd.
Immortal PETER! first of monarchs! He
His stubborn country tam'd, her rocks, her fens,
Her floods, her seas, her ill-submitting sons;
And while the fierce *Barbarian* he subdu'd,
To more exalted soul he rais'd the *Man*.
Ye shades of ancient heroes, ye who toil'd
Thro' long successive ages to build up
A labouring plan of state, behold at once
The wonder done! behold the matchless prince!
Who left his native throne, where reign'd till then
A mighty shadow of unreal power;
Who greatly spum'd the slothful pomp of courts;
And roaming every land, in every port
His sceptre laid aside, with glorious hand
Unwearied plying the mechanic-tool,
Gather'd the seeds of trade, of useful arts,
Of civil wisdom, and of martial skill.
Charg'd with the stores of *Europe* home he goes.
Then cities rise amid th' illumined waste;
O'er joyless deserts smiles the rural reign;
Far-distant flood to flood is social join'd;
Th' astonish'd *Euxine* hears the *Baltick* roar;
Proud navies ride on seas that never foam'd.
With daring keel before; and armies stretch

His guide to happiness on high. And see !
'Tis come, the glorious morn ! the second birth
Of heaven, and earth ! awakening Nature hears
The *new creating word*, and starts to life,
In every heightened form, from pain and death
For ever free. *The great eternal scheme*,
Involving all, and in a *perfect whole*
Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
To reason's eye refin'd clears up space.
Ye vainly wise ! ye blind presumptuous ! now,
Confounded in the dust, adore that Power,
And Wisdom oft arraign'd : see now the cause,
Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd,
And died, neglected : why the good Man's share
In life was gall and bitterness of soul :
Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
In starving solitude ; while luxury,
In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
To form unreal wants : why heaven-born truth,
And moderation fair, wore the red marks
Of superstition's scourge : why licens'd pain,
That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
Imbitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distress !
Ye noble few ! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while,
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deem'd Evil is no more :
The storms of WINTER TIME will quickly pass,
And one unbounded SPRING encircle all.

A H Y M N.

THESE, as they change, ALMIGHTY FATHER, these
 Are but the *varied* God. The rolling year
 Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring,
 Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
 Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
 Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
 And every sense, and every heart is joy.
 Then comes thy glory in the Summer-months,
 With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
 Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year:
 And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
 And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
 By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales,
 Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
 And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
 In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and storms
 Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
 Majestic darkness! on the whirl-wind's wing,
 Riding sublime, Thou bidst the world adore,
 And humblest Nature with thy northern blast
 Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine
 Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
 Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
 Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;
 Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade;

And all so forming an harmonious whole ;
 That , as they still succeed , they ravish still.
 But wandering oft , with brute unconscious gaze ,
 Man marks not THEE , marks not the mighty han
 That , ever-busy , wheels the silent spheres ;
 Works in the secret deep ; shoots , steaming , then
 The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring :
 Flings from the sun direct the flaming day ;
 Feeds every creature ; hurls the tempest forth ;
 And , as on earth this grateful change revolves ,
 With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature , attend ! join every living soul ,
 Beneath the spacious temple of the sky ,
 In adoration join ; and , ardent , raise
 One general song ! To HIM , ye vocal gales ,
 Breathe soft , whose SPIRIT in your freshness breath
 Oh talk of HIM in solitary glooms !
 Where , o'er the rock , the scarcely waving pine
 Fills the brown shade with a religious awe :
 And ye , whose bolder note is heard afar ,
 Who shake th' astonish'd world , lift high to heav
 Th' impetuous song , and say from whom you rag
 His praise , ye brooks , attune , ye trembling rills
 And let me catch it as I muse along !
 Ye headlong torrents , rapid , and profound ;
 Ye softer floods , that lead the humid maze
 Along the vale ; and thou , majestic main ,
 A secret world of wonders in thyself ,
 Sound His stupendous praise ; whose greater voic
 Or bids you roar , or bids your roarings fall.
 Soft-roll your incense , herbs , and fruits , and flow

In mingled clouds to Him; whose sun exalts,
 Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
 Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to Him;
 Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
 As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
 Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
 Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
 In constellations, while your angels strike,
 Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
 Great source of day! best image here below
 Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide
 From world to world, the vital ocean round,
 On Nature write with every beam His praise.
 The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate world;
 While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
 Bleat out afresh, ye hills: ye mossy rocks,
 Retain the sound: the broad responsive lowe,
 Ye valleys, raise; for the GREAT SHEPHERD reigns,
 And his *unsuffering* kingdom yet will come.
 Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundless song
 Burst from the groves! and when the restless day,
 Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
 Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
 The listening shades; and teach the night His praise.
 Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
 At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all;
 Crown the great hymn! in swarming cities vast,
 Assembled men, to the deep organ join
 The long-resounding voice, oft-breaking clear,
 At solemn pauses, through the swelling base;
 And, as each mingling flame increases each,

(Our Author's song can witness) liv'd on earth :
 He carv'd the turf to mould a manly frame,
 And stole from Jove his animating flame.
 The sly contrivance o'er Olympus ran,
 When thus the Monarch of the Stars began.

O vers'd in arts ! whose daring thoughts aspire,
 To kindle clay with never-dying fire !
 Enjoy thy glory past, that gift was thine ;
 The next thy creature meets, be fairly mine :
 And such a gift, a vengeance so design'd,
 As suits the counsel of a God to find ;
 A pleasing bosom-cheat, a specious ill,
 Which felt the curse, yet covets still to feel.

He said, and Vulcan strait the Sire commands,
 To temper mortar with ætherial hands ;
 In such a shape to mould a rising fair,
 As virgin goddesses are proud to wear ;
 To make her eyes with diamond-water shine,
 And form her organs for a voice divine.
 'Twas thus the Sire ordain'd ; the Power obey'd ;
 And work'd, and wonder'd at the work he made ;
 The fairest, softest, sweetest frame beneath,
 Now made to seem, now more than seem to breathe.

As Vulcan ends, the chearful Queen of Charms
 Clasp'd the new-panting creature in her arms :
 From that embrace a fine complexion spread,
 Where mingled whiteness glow'd with softer red.
 Then in a kiss she breath'd her various arts,
 Of trifling prettily with wounded hearts ;
 A mind for love, but still a changing mind ;
 The lisp affected, and the glance design'd ;

The sweet confusing blush, the secret wink,
The gentle swimming walk, the courteous sink;
The stare for strangeness fit, for scorn the frown;
For decent yielding, looks declining down;
The practis'd languish, where well-feign'd desire
Would own its melting in a mutual fire;
Gay smiles to comfort; April showers to move;
And all the nature, all the art of love.

Gold scepter'd Juno next exalts the fair;
Her touch endows her with imperious air,
Self-valuing fancy, highly-crested pride,
Strong sovereign will, and some desire to chide;
For which, an eloquence that aims to vex,
With native tropes of anger, arms the sex.
Minerva, skilful goddess, train'd the maid
To twirl the spindle by the twisting thread;
To fix the loom, instruct the reeds to part,
Cross the long web, and close the web with art,
An useful gift; but what profuse expence,
What world of fashions, took its rise from hence!

Young Hermes next, a close contriving God,
Her brows encircled with his serpent rod;
Then plots and fair excuses fill'd her brain,
The views of breaking amorous vows for gain:
The price of favours; the designing arts
That aim at riches in contempt of hearts;
And, for a comfort in the marriage life,
The little pilfering temper of a wife.

Full on the fair his beams Apollo flung,
And fond persuasion tipp'd her easy tongue;
He gave her words, where oily flattery lays

The pleasing colours of the art of praise ;
 And wit, to scandal exquisitely prone,
 Which frets another's spleen to cure its own.

Those sacred Virgins whom the Bards revere :
 Tun'd all her voice, and shed a sweetness there ,
 To make her sense with double charms abound ,
 Or make her lively nonsense please by sound .

To dress the maid , the decent Graces brought
 A robe in all the dyes of beauty wrought ,
 And plac'd their boxes o'er a rich brocade ,
 Where pictur'd Loves on every cover play'd ;
 Then spread those implements that Vulcan's art
 Had fram'd to merit Cytherea's heart ;
 The wire to curl , the close indented comb
 To call the locks, that lightly wander, home ;
 And chief, the mirror, where the ravish'd maid
 Beholds and loves her own reflected shade .

Fair Flora lent her stores ; the purpled Hours
 Confin'd her tresses with a wreath of flowers ;
 Within the wreath arose a radiant crown ;
 A veil pellucid hung depending down ;
 Back roll'd her azure veil with serpent fold ,
 The purpled border deck'd the floor with gold .
 Her robe (which closely by the girdle brac'd
 Reveal'd the beauties of a slender waist)
 Flow'd to the feet, to copy Venus' air ,
 When Venus' statues have a robe to wear .

The new-sprung creature, finish'd thus for harm,
 Adjusts her habit, practises her charms ,
 With blushes glows, or shines with lively smiles ,
 Confirms her will, or recollects her wiles :

Then, conscious of her worth, with easy pace
Glides by the glass, and turning views her face.

A finer flax than what they wrought before,
Through times deep cave, the Sister Fates explore,
Then fix the loom, their fingers nimbly weave,
And thus their toil prophetic songs deceive.

- Flow from the rock, my flax ! and swiftly flow,
■ Pursue thy thread ; the spindle runs below.
A creature fond and changing, fair and vain,
The creature woman, rises now to reign.
New beauty blooms, a beauty form'd to fly;
■ New love begins, a love produc'd to die;
New parts distress the troubled scenes of life,
The fondling mistress, and the ruling wife.

- Men born to labour, all with pains provide;
■ Women have time to sacrifice to pride :
They want the care of man, their want they know,
And dress to please with heart-alluring show ;
The show prevailing, for the sway contend,
And make a servant where they meet a friend.

Thus in a thousand wax-erected forts
A loitering race the painful bee supports ;
From sun to sun, from bank to bank he flies,
With honey loads his bag, with wax his thighs ;
Fly where he will, at home the race remain,
Prune the silk dress, and murmuring eat the gain.

Yet here and there we grant a gentle bride
Whose temper betters by the father's side ;
Unlike the rest that double human care,
Fond to relieve, or resolute to share :
Happy the man whom thus his stars advance !

The curse is general , but the blessing chance.

Thus sung the Sisters , while the Gods admire
Their beauteous creature , made for man in ire ;
The young Pandora she , whom all contend
To make too perfect not to gain her end :
Then bid the winds , that fly to breathe the spring ,
Return to bear her on a gentle wing ;
With wafting airs the winds obsequious blow ,
And land the shining vengeance safe below.
A golden coffer in her hand she bore ,
The present treacherous , but the bearer more ;
'Twas fraught with pangs ; for Jove ordain'd above ,
That gold should aid , and pangs attend on love.

Her gay descent the man perceiv'd afar ,
Wondering he ran to catch the falling star :
But so surpriz'd , as none but he can tell ,
Who lov'd so quickly , and who lov'd so well.
O'er all his veins the wandering passion burns.
He calls her Nymph , and every Nymph by turns.
Her form to lovely Venus he prefers ,
Or swears that Venus' must be such as hers.
She , proud to rule , yet strangely fram'd to tease ,
Neglects his offers while her airs she plays ,
Shoots scornful glances from the bended frown ,
In brisk disorder trips it up and down ;
Then hums a careless tune to lay the storm ,
And sits , and blushes , smiles , and yields , in form.

• Now take what Jove design'd , she softly cry'd ,
• This box thy portion , and myself thy bride . •
Fir'd with the prospect of the double charms ,
He snatch'd the box , and bride , with eager arms.

unhappy man ! to whom so bright she shone,
 fatal gift, her tempting self, unknown !
 winds were silent, all the waves asleep,
 heaven was trac'd upon the flattering deep :
 whilst he looks unmindful of a storm,
 thinks the water wears a stable form,
 that dreadful din around his ears shall rise !
 that frowns confuse his picture of the skies !
 At first the creature man was fram'd alone,
 of himself, and all the world his own.
 him the Nymphs in green forsook the woods,
 him the Nymphs in blue forsook the floods;
 vain the Satyrs rage, the Tritons rave,
 they bore him heroes in the secret cave.
 care destroy'd, no sick disorder prey'd,
 bending age his sprightly form decay'd,
 wars were known, no females heard to rage,
 d, Poets tell us, 't was a golden age.
 When woman came, those ills the box confin'd
 first furious out, and poison'd all the wind,
 from point to point, from pole to pole they flew,
 read as they went, and in the progress grew :
 the nymphs regretting left the mortal race,
 and altering nature wore a sickly face :
 new terms of folly rose, new states of care ;
 new plagues, to suffer, and to please, the Fair !
 the days of whining, and of wild intrigues,
 commenc'd, or finish'd, with the breach of leagues ;
 the mean designs of well-dissembled love ;
 the sordid matches never join'd above ;
 broad the labour, and at home the noise,

(Man's double sufferings for domestic joys) —
 The curse of jealousy ; expence and strife ;
 Divorce , the public brand of shameful life ;
 The rival's sword ; the qualm that takes the fair ;
 Disdain for passion , passion in despair—
 These , and a thousand yet unnam'd , we find ;
 Ah fear the thousand yet unnam'd behind !

Thus on Parnassus tuneful Hesiod sung ,
 The mountain echoed , and the valley rung ,
 The sacred groves a fix'd attention show ,
 The crystal Helicon forbore to flow ,
 The sky grew bright , and (if his verse be true)
 The Muses came to give the laurel too.
 But what avail'd the verdant prize of wit ,
 If love swore vengeance for the tales he writ ?
 Ye Fair offended , hear your friend relate
 What heavy judgment prov'd the writer's fate ,
 Though when it happen'd no relation clears ,
 'Tis thought in five , or five and twenty years.

Where , dark and silent , with a twisted shade
 The neighbouring woods a native arbour made ,
 There oft a tender pair , for amorous play
 Retiring , toy'd the ravish'd hours away ;
 A Locrian youth , the gentle Troilus he ,
 A fair Milesian , kind Evanthe she :
 But swelling nature in a fatal hour
 Betray'd the secrets of the conscious bower ;
 The dire disgrace her brothers count their own ,
 And track her steps , to make its author known.

It chanc'd one evening , 't was the lover's day ,
 Conceal'd in brakes the jealous kindred lay ;

When Hesiod wandering mus'd along the plain,
 And fix'd his seat where love had fix'd the scene;
 A strong suspicion strait possess'd their mind
 (For Poets ever were a gentle kind),
 But when Evanthé near the passage stood,
 Flung back a doubtful look, and shot the wood,
 Now take (at once they cry) thy due reward.
 And, urg'd with erring rage, assault the Bard.
 His corpse the sea receiv'd. The dolphins bore
 'Twas all the Gods would do) the corpse to shore.

Methinks I view the dead with pitying eyes,
 And see the dreams of ancient wisdom rise;
 I see the Muses round the body cry,
 But hear a Cupid loudly laughing by;
 He wheels his arrow with insulting hand,
 And thus inscribes the moral on the sand.
 Here Hesiod lies: ye future Bards, beware
 How far your mortal tales incense the Fair.
 Unlov'd, unloving, 'twas his fate to bleed;
 Without his quiver, Cupid caus'd the deed:
 He judg'd this turn of malice justly due,
 And Hesiod dy'd for joys he never knew.

THE HERMIT.

BY

DR. THOMAS PARNELL.

FAN in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend Hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:
Remote from men, with God he pass'd the days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd heaven itself, till one suggestion rose;
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenour of his soul is lost:
So when a smooth expanse receives imprinted
Calm nature's image on its watery breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colours glow:
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight
To find if books, or swains, report it right,
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew)

He quits his cell ; the Pilgrim-staff he bore ,
 And fix'd the scallop in his hat before ;
 Then with the sun a rising journey went ,
 Sedate to think , and watching each event .

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass ,
 And long and lonesome was the wild to pass ;
 But when the southern sun had warm'd the day ,
 A youth came posting o'er a crossing way ;
 His raiment decent , his complexion fair ,
 And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair .
 Then , near approaching , Father , hail ! he cry'd ,
 And hail , my son , the reverend Sire reply'd ;
 Words follow'd words , from question answer flow'd ,
 And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road ;
 Till each with other pleas'd , and loth to part ,
 While in their age they differ ; join in heart .
 Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound ,
 Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around .

Now sunk the sun ; the closing hour of day
 Came onward , mantled o'er with sober grey ;
 Nature in silence bid the world repose ;
 When near the road a stately palace rose :
 There by the moon through ranks of trees they pass ,
 Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass .
 It chanc'd the noble master of the dome
 Still made his house the wandering stranger's home ;
 Yet still the kindness ; from a thirst of praise ,
 Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease .
 The pair arrive : the livery'd servants wait ;
 Their lord receives them at the pompous gate .
 The table groans with costly piles of food ,

Second Part.

E

And all is more than hospitably good.
 Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
 Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.
 At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
 Along the wide canals the zephyrs play :
 Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep ;
 And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.
 Up raise the guests, obedient to the call ;
 An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall ;
 Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
 Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
 Then, pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go ;
 And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe ;
 His cup was vanish'd ; for in secret guise
 The younger guest purloin'd the glittering prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
 Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
 Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near ;
 Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear,
 So seem'd the Sire ; when fix'd upon the road,
 The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.
 He stop'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart.
 And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part :
 Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
 That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory spreads,
 The changing skies hang out their sable clouds ;
 A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
 And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
 Warn'd by the signs, the wandering pair retreat,
 To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat.

'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.

As near the Miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning mix'd with showers began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driven by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast
('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest);
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes-in the shivering pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervor through their limbs recalls:
Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,
(Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine;
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pondering Hermit view'd,
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;
And why should such, within himself he cry'd,
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?
But what new marks of wonder soon took place,
In every settling feature of his face;
When from his vest the young companion bore
That cup, the generous Landlord own'd before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul.

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;

E 2

The sun emerging opes an azure sky ;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display ,
And, glittering as they tremble , cheer the day :
The weather courts them from the poor retreat ,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the Pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the travel of uncertain thought ;
His partner's acts without their cause appear ,
'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here :
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes ,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky ,
Again the wanderers want a place to lye ,
Again they search , and find a lodging nigh .
The soil improv'd around , the mansion neat ,
And neither poorly low , nor idly great :
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind ,
Content , and not to praise , but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet ,
Then bless the mansion , and the master greet :
Their greeting fair , bestow'd with modest guise ,
The courteous master hears , and thus replies :

Without a vain , without a grudging heart ,
To him who gives us all , I yield a part ;
From him you come , for him accept it here ,
A frank and sober , more than costly cheer ,
He spoke , and bid the welcome table spread ,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed ,
When the grave household round his hall repair ,
Warn'd by a bell , and close the hours with prayer .

At length the world , renew'd by calm repose ,



Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose;
Before the Pilgrims part, the younger crept,
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,
And writh'd his neck: the Landlord's little pride,
O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd, and dy'd.
Horror of horrors! what! his only son!
How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done;
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed.
His steps the Youth pursues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads; a servant show'd the way:
A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supply'd,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The Youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless Guide, and thrust him in;
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
Detested wretch! — But scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odours breathe through purpled air;
And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.

Thus look'd Elisha when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp ascending left to view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending Hermit here a prayer begun,
Lord! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done:
Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

HENRY AND EMMA,

A P O E M,

UPON THE MODEL OF THE

NUT-BROWN MAID, (1)

By MR. PRIOR.

TO CLOE.

THOU, to whose eyes I bend, at whose command
(Though low my voice, though artless be my hand)
I take the sprightly reed, and sing, and play,
Careless of what the censuring world may say;
Bright Cloe, object of my constant vow,
Wilt thou a while unbend thy serious brow?
Wilt thou with pleasure hear thy lover's strains,
And with one heavenly smile o'erpay his pains?
No longer shall the Nut-brown Maid be old;
Though since her youth three hundred years have
At thy desire, she shall again be rais'd; (roll'd:
And her reviving charms in lasting verse be prais'd.
No longer man of woman shall complain,
That he may love, and not be lov'd again:

(1) An ancient poem, published about the year 1521,

That we in vain the fickle sex pursue ,
 Who change the constant lover for the new .
 Whatever has been writ , whatever said ,
 Of female passion feign'd , or faith decay'd :
 Henceforth shall in my verse refuted stand ,
 Be said to winds , or writ upon the sand .
 And , while my notes to future times proclaim
 Unconquer'd love and ever-during flame ;
 O fairest of the sex ! be thou my Muse :
 Deign on my work thy influence to diffuse .
 Let me partake the blessings I rehearse !
 And grant me , Love , the just reward of verse !

As Beauty's potent queen , with every grace
 That once was Emma's , has adorn'd thy face ;
 And as her son has to my bosom dealt
 That constant flame , which faithful Henry felt ;
 O let the story with thy life agree :
 Let men once more the bright example see ;
 What Emma was to him , be thou to me .

Nor send me by thy frown from her I love ,
 Distant and sad , a banish'd man to rove .
 But oh ! with pity long-intreated crown
 My pains and hopes ; and , when thou say'st that one
 Of all mankind thou lov'st , oh ! think on me alone .

WHERE beauteous Isis and her husband Tame
 With mingled waves for ever flow the fame ;
 In times of yore an ancient baron liv'd ;
 Great gifts bestow'd , and great respect receiv'd .

When dreadful Edward with successful care
 Led his free Britons to the Gallic war ;

This lord had headed his appointed bands,
 In firm allegiance to his king's commands;
 And (all due honours faithfully discharg'd)
 Had brought back his paternal coat enlarg'd
 With a new mark, the witness of his toil,
 And no inglorious part of foreign spoil.

From the loud camp retir'd and noisy court,
 In honourable ease and rural sport,
 The remnant of his days he safely past;
 Nor found they lagg'd too slow, nor flew too fast.
 He made his wish with his estate comply,
 Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die.

One child he had, a daughter chaste and fair,
 His age's comfort, and his fortune's heir,
 They call'd her Emma; for the beauteous dame,
 Who gave the Virgin birth, had borne the name:
 The name th' indulgent father doubly lov'd;
 For in the child the mother's charms improv'd.
 Yet as, when little round his knees she play'd,
 He call'd her oft in sport, his Nut-brown Maid,
 The friends and tenants took the fondling word
 (As still they please, who imitate their lord);
 Usage confirm'd what fancy had begun;
 The mutual terms around the lands were known;
 And Emma and the Nut-brown Maid were one.

As with her stature; still her charms increas'd;
 Through all the isle her beauty was confess'd.
 Oh! what perfections must that Virgin share,
 Who fairest is esteem'd, where all are fair!
 From distant shires repair the noble youth,
 And find report for once had lessen'd truth.

By wonder first, and then by passion mov'd,
 They came; they saw; they marvel'd; and they lov'd.
 By public praises, and by secret sighs,
 Each own'd the general power of Emma's eyes.
 In tilts and tournaments the valiant strove,
 By glorious deeds to purchase Emma's love.
 In gentle verse the witty told their flame,
 And grac'd their choicest songs with Emma's name.
 In vain they combatted, in vain they writ:
 Useless their strength, and impotent their wit.
 Great Venus only must direct the dart,
 Which else will never reach the fair-one's heart,
 Spight of th' attempts of force, and soft effects of art.
 Great Venus must prefer the happy one:
 In Henry's cause her favour must be shown:
 And Emma, of mankind, must love but him alone.

While these in public to the castle came,
 And by their grandeur justified their flame;
 More secret ways the careful Henry takes;
 His squires, his arms, and equipage forsakes:
 In borrow'd name and false attire array'd,
 Oft' he finds means to see the beauteous maid.

When Emma hunts, in huntsman's habit drest,
 Henry on foot pursues the bounding beast.
 In his right hand his beechen pole he bears:
 And graceful at his side his horn he wears.
 Still to the glade, where she has bent her way,
 With knowing skill he drives the future prey;
 Bids her decline the hill, and shun the brake;
 And shews the path her steed may safest take;

Directs her spear to fix the glorious wound ;
Pleas'd in his toils to have her triumph crown'd ;
And blows her praises in no common sound. }

A falconer Henry is, when Emma hawks :
With her of tarsels and of lures he talks.
Upon his wrist the towering merlin stands ,
Practis'd to rise , and stoop at her commands.
And when superior now the bird has flown ,
And headlong brought the tumbling quarry down ;
With humble reverence he accosts the fair ,
And with the honour'd feather decks her hair.
Yet still , as from the sportive field she goes ,
His down-cast eye reveals his inward woes ;
And by his look and sorrow is exprest ,
A nobler game pursued than bird or beast.

A shepherd now along the plain he roves ;
And , with his jolly pipe , delights the groves.
The neighbouring swains around the stranger throng ,
Or to admire , or emulate his song :
While with soft sorrow he renews his lays ,
Nor heedful of their envy , nor their praise.
But , soon as Emma's eyes adorn the plain ,
His notes he raises to a nobler strain ,
With dutiful respect and studious fear ;
Lest any careless sound offend her ear.

A frantic Gipsej now , the house he haunts ,
And in wild phrases speaks dissembled wants.
With the fond maids in palmistry he deals :
They tell the secret first , which he reveals ;
Says who shall wed , and who shall be beguil'd ;
What groom shall get , and squire maintain the child.

But, when bright Emma would her fortune know,
A softer look unbends his opening brow;
With trembling awe he gazes on her eye,
And in soft accents forms the kind reply;
That she shall prove as fortunate as fair;
And Hymen's choicest gifts are all reserv'd for her.

Now oft' had Henry chang'd his sly disguise,
Unmark'd by all but beauteous Emma's eyes;
Oft' had found means alone to see the dame,
And at her feet to breathe his amorous flame;
And oft' the pangs of absence to remove
By letters, soft interpreters of love:
Till Time and Industry (the mighty two
That bring our wishes nearer to our view)
Made him perceive, that the inclining fair
Receiv'd his vows with no reluctant ear;
That Venus had confirm'd her equal reign,
And dealt to Emma's heart a share of Henry's pain.

While Cupid smil'd, by kind occasion bless'd,
And, with the secret kept, the love increas'd;
The amorous youth frequents the silent groves;
And much he meditates, for much he loves.
He loves: 'tis true; and is belov'd again;
Great are his joys: but will they long remain?
Emma with smiles receives his present flame;
But, smiling, will she ever be the same?
Beautiful looks are rul'd by fickle minds;
And summer seas are turn'd by sudden winds.
Another Love may gain her easy youth:
Time changes thought; and flattery conquers truth.
O potent estate of human life!

e Hope and Fear maintain eternal strife;
 e fleeting joy does lasting doubt inspire;
 most we question, what we most desire!
 gst the various gifts, great Heaven, bestow
 up of Love unmix'd; forbear to throw
 ingredients in; nor pall the draught
 nauseous grief: for our ill-judging thought
 y enjoys the pleasurable taste;
 ems it not sincere; or fears it cannot last.
 th wishes rais'd, with jealousies oppress,
 nate tyrants of the human breast)
 e great trial he resolves to prove
 uth of woman, and the force of love.
 ining Emma's virtues he may find
 beauteous frame inclose a steady mind,
 fix his hope, of future joy secure;
 ve a slave to Hymen's happy power.
 the fair-one, as he fears, is frail;
 is'd aright in Reason's equal scale,
 fly her merit, and her faults prevail;
 ind he vows to free from amorous care,
 tent mischief from his heart to tear,
 ie his azure arms, and shine again in war.
 th of the castle in a verdant glade
 eading beech extends her friendly shade:
 oft the Nymph his breathing vows had heard;
 oft her silence had her heart declar'd.
 ive spring awak'd her infant buds,
 enial life inform'd the verdant woods;
 , in knots involving Emma's name,
 alf express'd and half conceal'd his flame

Upon this tree : and, as the tender mark
Grew with the year, and widen'd with the bark,
Venus had heard the virgin's soft address,
That, as the wound, the passion might increase.
As potent Nature shed her kindly showers,
And deck'd the various mead with opening flowers;
Upon this tree the Nymph's obliging care
Had left a frequent wreath for Henry's hair;
Which as with gay delight the lover found,
Pleas'd with his conquest, with her present crown'd,
Glorious through all the plains he oft' had gone,
And to each Swain the mystic honour shown;
The gift still prais'd, the giver still unknown.

His secret note the troubled Henry writes;
To the known tree the lovely maid invites :
Imperfect words and dubious terms express,
That unforeseen mischance disturb'd his peace;
That he must something to her ear commend,
On which her conduct and his life depend.

Soon as the fair-one had the note receiv'd,
The remnant of the day alone she griev'd :
For different this from every former note,
Which Venus dictated, and Henry wrote;
Which told her all his future hopes were laid
On the dear bosom of his Nut-brown Maid;
Which always bless'd her eyes, and own'd her power;
And bid her oft' adieu, yet added more.
Now night advanc'd. The house in sleep were laid.
The nurse experienc'd, and the prying maid;
At last that sprite, which does incessant haunt
The lover's steps, the ancient Maiden-aunt.

To her dear Henry Emma wings her way,
With quicken'd pace repairing forc'd delay;
For Love, fantastic power, that is afraid
To stir abroad till watchfulness be laid,
Undaunted then o'er cliffs and valleys strays,
And leads his votaries safe through pathless ways.
Not Argus with his hundred eyes shall find
Where Cupid goes; though he, poor guide! is blind.

The Maiden first arriving, sent her eye
To ask, if yet its chief delight were nigh:
With fear and with desire, with joy and pain,
She sees, and runs to meet him on the plain.
But oh! his steps proclaim no lover's haste:
On the low ground his fix'd regards are cast;
His artful bosom heaves dissembled sighs;
And tears suborn'd fall copious from his eyes.

With ease, alas! we credit what we love:
His painted grief does real sorrow move
In the afflicted fair; adown her cheek
Trickling the genuine tears their current break;
Attentive stood the mournful Nymph: the Man
Broke silence first: the tale alternate ran.

HENRY.

SINCERE, O tell me, hast thou felt a pain,
Emma, beyond what woman knows to feign?
Has thy uncertain bosom ever strove
With the first tumults of a real love?
Hast thou now dreaded, and now blest his sway,
By turns averse, and joyful to obey?
Thy virgin softness hast thou e'er bewail'd;
As Reason yielded, and as Love prevail'd?

And wept the potent God's resistless dart,
 His killing pleasure, his estatic smart,
 And heavenly poison thrilling through thy heart?
 If so, with pity view my wretched state;
 At least deplore, and then forget my fate:
 To some more happy Knight reserve thy charms;
 By fortune favour'd, and successful arms:
 And only, as the sun's revolving ray
 Brings back each year this melancholy day,
 Permit one sigh, and set apart one tear,
 To an abandon'd exile's endless care.
 For me, alas! out-cast of human race,
 Love's anger only waits, and dire disgrace;
 For lo! these hands in murder are embrued;
 These trembling feet by Justice are pursued:
 Fate calls aloud, and hastens me away;
 A shameful death attends my longer stay;
 And I this night must fly from thee and love,
 Condemn'd in lonely woods, a banish'd man, to rove.

EMMA.

What is our bliss, that changeth with the moon;
 And day of life, that darkens ere 'tis noon?
 What is true passion, if unblest it dies?
 And where is Emma's joy, if Henry flies?
 If love, alas! be pain; the pain I bear
 No thought can figure, and no tongue declare.
 Ne'er faithful woman felt, nor false one feign'd,
 The flames which long have in my bosom reign'd:
 The God of Love himself inhabits there,
 With all his rage, and dread, and grief, and care,
 His complement of stores, and total war.

O ! cease then coldly to suspect my love ;
 And let my deed at least my faith approve.
 Alas ! no youth shall my endearments share ;
 Nor day nor night shall interrupt my care ;
 No future story shall with truth upbraid
 The cold indifference of the Nut-brown Maid :
 Nor to hard banishment shall Henry run ;
 While careless Emma sleeps on beds of down.
 View me resolv'd, where-e'er thou lead'st, to go,
 Friend to thy pain, and partner of thy woe ;
 For I attest fair Venus and her son,
 That I, of all mankind, will love but thee alone.

— H E N R Y.

Let prudence yet obstruct thy venturous way ;
 And take good heed, what men will think and say :
 That beauteous Emma vagrant courses took ;
 Her father's house and civil life forsook ;
 That, full of youthful blood, and fond of man,
 She to the wood-land with an exile ran.
 Reflect, that lessen'd fame is ne'er regain'd ;
 And virgin honour, once, is always stain'd :
 Timely advis'd, the coming evil shun :
 Better not do the deed, than weep it done.
 No penance can absolve our guilty fame ;
 Nor tears, that wash out sin, can wash out shame.
 Then fly the sad effects of desperate love ;
 And leave a banish'd man through lonely woods to rove.

E M M A.

Let Emma's hapless case be falsely told
 By the rash young, or the ill-natur'd old :
 Let every tongue its various censures chuse ;

Absolve with coldness, or with spite accuse :
Fair Truth at last her radiant beams will raise ;
And Malice vanquish'd heightens Virtue's praise.
Let then thy favour but indulge my flight ;
O ! let my presence make thy travels light ;
And potent Venus shall exalt my name ,
Above the rumours of censorious Fame ;
Nor from that busy Demon's restless power
Will ever Emma other grace implore ,
Than that this truth should to the world be known,
That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone.

HENRY.

But canst thou wield the sword, and bend the bow?
With active force repel the sturdy foe ?
When the loud tumult speaks the battle nigh,
And winged deaths in whistling arrows fly ;
Wilt thou, though wounded, yet undaunted stay,
Perform thy part, and share the dangerous day ?
Then, as thy strength decays, thy heart will fail,
Thy limbs all trembling, and thy cheeks all pale ;
With fruitless sorrow, thou, inglorious maid,
Wilt weep thy safety by thy love betray'd :
Then to thy friend, by foes o'er-charg'd, deny
Thy little useless aid, and coward fly :
Then wilt thou curse the chance that made thee love
A banish'd man, condemn'd in lonely woods to rove.

EMMA.

With fatal certainty Thalestris knew
To send the arrow from the twanging yew ;
And, great in arms, and foremost in the war,
Bonduca brandish'd high the British spear.

Could thirst of vengeance and desire of fame
Excite the female breast with martial flame?
And shall not Love's diviner power inspire
More hardy virtue, and more generous fire?

Near thee, mistrust not, constant I'll abide,
And fall, or vanquish, fighting by thy side.
Though my inferior strength may not allow,
That I should bear or draw the warrior bow;
With ready hand, I will the shaft supply,
And joy to see thy victor arrows fly.
Touch'd in the battle by the hostile reed, (bleed;
Should'st thou (but Heaven avert it!) should'st thou
To stop the wounds, my finest lawn I'd tear,
Wash them with tears, and wipe them with my hair!
Blest, when my dangers and my toils have shown,
That I, of all mankind, could love but thee alone,

HENRY.

But canst thou, tender maid, canst thou sustain
Afflictive want, or hunger's pressing pain?
Those limbs, in lawn and softest silk array'd,
From sun-beams guarded, and of winds afraid;
Can they bear angry Jove? can they resist
The parching dog-star, and the bleak north-east?
When, chill'd by adverse snows and beating rain,
We tread with weary steps the lonesome plain;
When with hard toil we seek our evening food,
Berries and acorns from the neighbouring wood;
And find among the cliffs no other house,
But the thin covert of some gather'd boughs;
Wilt thou not then reluctant send thine eye
Around the dreary waste; and weeping try

Thy taper shape, and comeliness of side :
The short trunk-hose shall shew thy foot and knee
Licentious, and to common eye-sight free :
And, with a bolder stride and looser air,
Mingled with men, a man thou must appear.

Nor solitude, nor gentle peace of mind,
Mistaken maid, shalt thou in forests find :
'Tis long since Cynthia and her train were there :
Or guardian Gods made innocence their care.
Vagrants and out-laws shall offend thy view :
For such must be my friends, a hideous crew
By adverse fortune mix'd in social ill,
Train'd to assault, and disciplin'd to kill :
Their common loves, a lewd abandon'd pack,
The beadle's lash still flagrant on their back :
By sloth corrupted, by disorder fed,
Made bold by want, and prostitute for bread :
With such must Emma hunt the tedious day,
Assist their violence, and divide their prey :
With such she must return at setting light,
Though not partaker, witness of their night.
Thy ear, inur'd to charitable sounds
And pitying love, must feel the hateful wounds
Of jest obscene and vulgar ribaldry,
The ill-bred question, and the lewd reply ;
Brought by long habitude from bad to worse,
Must hear the frequent oath, the direful curse,
That latest weapon of the wretches' war,
And blasphemy, sad comrade of despair.

Now, Emma, now the last reflexion make,
What thou would'st follow, what thou must forsake :

By our ill-omen'd stars, and adverse Heaven,
 No middle object to thy choice is given.
 Or yield thy virtue, to attain thy love;
 Or leave a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove.

EMMA.

O grief of heart! that our unhappy fates
 Force thee to suffer what thy honour hates :
 Mix thee amongst the bad; or make thee run
 Too near the paths which Virtue bids thee shun.
 Yet with her Henry still let Emma go;
 With him abhor the vice, but share the woe:
 And sure my little heart can never err
 Amidst the worst; if Henry still be there.

Our outward act is prompted from within;
 And from the sinner's mind proceeds the sin:
 By her own choice free Virtue is approv'd;
 Nor by the force of outward objects mov'd.
 Who has assay'd no danger, gains no praise.
 In a small isle, amidst the widest seas,
 Triumphant Constancy has fix'd her seat:
 In vain the Syrens sing, the tempests beat:
 Their flattery she rejects, nor fears their threat.

For thee alone these little charms I drest:
 Condemn'd them, or absolv'd them by thy test.
 In comely figure rang'd my jewels shone,
 Or negligently plac'd for thee alone:
 For thee again they shall be laid aside;
 The woman, Henry, shall put off her pride
 For thee: my cloaths, my sex, exchang'd for thee,
 I'll mingle with the people's wretched lee;
 O line extreme of human infamy!

Second Part.

F

Wanting the scissars, with these hands I'll tear
 (If that obstructs my flight) this load of hair.
 Black soot, or yellow walnut shall disgrace
 This little red and white of Emma's face.
 These nails with scratches shall deform my breast,
 Lest by my look or colour be express'd
 The mark of aught high-born, or ever better dress'd.
 Yet in this commerce, under this disguise,
 Let me be grateful still to Henry's eyes;
 Lost to the world, let me to him be known:
 My fate I can absolve, if he shall own,
 That, leaving all mankind, I love but him alone.

HENRY.

O wildest thought of an abandon'd mind!
 Name, habit, parents, woman, left behind,
 Ev'n honour dubious, thou prefer'st to go
 Wild to the woods with me: said Emma so?
 Or did I dream what Emma never said?
 O guilty error! and O wretched maid!
 Whose roving fancy would resolve the same
 With him, who next should tempt her easy fame;
 And blow with empty words the susceptible flame.
 Now why should doubtful terms thy mind perplex?
 Confess thy frailty, and avow the sex:
 No longer loose desire for constant love
 Mistake; but say, 'tis Man with whom thou long'st to

EMMA.

Are there not poisons, racks, and flames, and swords;
 That Emma thus must die by Henry's words?

Yet what could swords or poison, racks or flame,
But mangle and disjoint this brittle frame!
More fatal Henry's words; they murder Emma's fame. }

And fall these sayings from that gentle tongue,
Where civil speech and soft persuasion hung;
Whose artful sweetness and harmonious strain,
Courting my grace, yet courting it in vain,
Call'd sighs, and tears, and wishes to his aid;
And, whilst it Henry's glowing flame convey'd,
Still blam'd the coldness of the Nut-brown Maid! }

Let envious jealousy and canker'd spite
Produce my actions to severest light,
And tax my open day, or secret night.
Did e'er my tongue speak my unguarded heart
The least inclin'd to play the wanton's part?
Did e'er my eye one inward thought reveal,
Which angels might not hear, and virgins tell?
And hast thou, Henry, in my conduct known
One fault, but that which I must ever own,
That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone? }

HENRY.

Vainly thou talk'st of loving me alone:
Each man is man; and all our sex is one.
False are our words, and fickle is our mind:
Nor in Love's ritual can we ever find
Vows made to last, or promises to bind. }

By Nature prompted, and for empire made,
Alike by strength or cunning we invade:
When arm'd with rage we march against the foe,
We lift the battle-ax, and draw the bow:
When, fir'd with passion, we attack the fair,

Delusive sighs and brittle vows we bear ;
 Our falshood and our arms have equal use ;
 As they our conquest or delight produce.
 The foolish heart thou gav'st, again receive ,
 The only boon departing love can give.
 To be less wretched , be no longer true ;
 What strives to fly thee , why should'st thou pursue ?
 Forget the present flame , indulge a new ;
 Single the loveliest of the amorous youth ;
 Ask for his vow ; but hope not for his truth.
 The next man (and the next thou shalt believe)
 Will pawn his gods , intending to deceive ;
 Will kneel , implore , persist , o'ercome , and leave .
 Hence let thy Cupid aim his arrows right :
 Be wise and false , shun trouble , seek delight ;
 Change thou the first , nor wait thy lover's flight .

Why should'st thou weep ? let Nature judge our case ;
 I saw thee young and fair ; pursued the chase
 Of Youth and Beauty : I another saw
 Fairer , and younger : yielding to the law
 Of our all-ruling mother , I pursued
 More youth , more beauty : blest vicissitude !
 My active heart still keeps its pristine flame ;
 The object alter'd , the desire the same .

This younger fairer pleads her rightful charms ;
 With present power compels me to her arms .
 And much I fear , from my subjected mind
 (If Beauty's force to constant Love can bind) ,
 That years may roll , ere in her turn the maid
 Shall weep the fury of my love decay'd ;
 And weeping follow me , as thou dost now ,

With idle clamours of a broken vow.

Nor can the wildness of thy wishes err
 So wide, to hope that thou may'st live with her.
 Love, well thou know'st, no partnership allows;
 Cupid averse rejects divided vows:
 Then from thy foolish heart, vain maid, remove
 An useless sorrow, and an ill-starr'd love;
 And leave me, with the fair, at large in woods to rove.

EMMA.

Are we in life through one great error led?
 Is each man perjur'd, and each nymph betray'd?
 Of the superior sex art thou the worst?
 And I of mine the most compleatly curst?
 Yet let me go with thee; and going prove,
 From what I will endure, how much I love.

This potent beauty, this triumphant fair,
 This happy object of our different care,
 Her let me follow; her let me attend
 A servant (she may scorn the name of friend).
 What she demands, incessant I'll prepare:
 I'll wave her garlands; and I'll plait her hair:
 My busy diligence shall deck her board
 (For there at least I may approach my lord);
 And, when her Henry's softer hours advise
 His servant's absence, with dejected eyes
 Far I'll recede, and sighs forbid to rise.

Yet, when increasing grief brings slow disease;
 And ebbing life, on terms severe as these,
 Will have its little lamp no longer fed;
 When Henry's mistress shews him Emma dead;
 Rescue my poor remains from vile neglect:

With virgin honours let my hearse be deckt,
 And decent emblem; and at least persuade
 This happy nymph, that Emma may be laid
 Where thou, dear author of my death, where she,
 With frequent eye my sepulchre may see.
 The nymph amidst her joys may haply breathe
 One pious sigh, reflecting on my death,
 And the sad fate which she may one day prove,
 Who hopes from Henry's vows eternal love.
 And thou forsworn, thou cruel, as thou art,
 If Emma's image ever touch'd thy heart;
 Thou sure must give one thought, and drop one tear
 To her, whom love abandon'd to despair;
 To her, who dying, on the wounded stone
 Bid it in lasting characters be known,
 That, of mankind, she lov'd but thee alone.

HENRY.

Hear, solemn Jove; and conscious Venus, hear;
 And thou, bright maid, believe me whilst I swear;
 No time, no change, no future flame, shall move
 The well-plac'd basis of my lasting love.
 O powerful virtue! O victorious fair!
 At least excuse a trial too severe:
 Receive the triumph, and forget the war.

No banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove,
 Intreats thy pardon, and implores thy love:
 No perjur'd knight desires to quit thy arms,
 Fairest collection of thy sex's charms,
 Crown of my love, and honour of my youth!
 Henry, thy Henry, with eternal truth,
 As thou may'st wish, shall all his life employ,

And found his glory in his Emma's joy.

In me behold the potent Edgar's heir,
 Illustrious earl : him terrible in war
 Let Loyre confess, for she has felt his sword,
 And trembling fled before the British lord.
 Him great in peace and wealth fair Deva knows;
 For she amidst his spacious meadows flows;
 Inclines her urn upon his fatten'd lands;
 And sees his numerous herd imprint her sands.

And thou, my fair, my dove, shalt raise thy thought
 To greatness next to empire; shalt be brought
 With solemn pomp to my paternal seat;
 Where peace and plenty on thy word shall wait.
 Music and song shall wake the marriage-day :
 And, whilst the priests accuse the bride's delay,
 Myrtles and roses shall obstruct her way.

Friendship shall still thy evening feasts adorn;
 And blooming Peace shall ever bless thy morn.
 Succeeding years their happy race shall run,
 And age unheeded by delight come on;
 While yet superior Love shall mock his power :
 And when old Time shall turn the fated hour,
 Which only can our well-tied knot unfold;
 What rests of both, one sepulchre shall hold.

Hence then for ever from my Emma's breast
 (That heaven of softness, and that seat of rest)
 Ye doubts and fears, and all that know to move
 Tormenting grief, and all that trouble love,
 Scatter'd by winds recede, and wild in forest rove.

EMMA.

O day the fairest sure that ever rose!

Period and end of anxious Emma's woes!
Sire of her joy, and source of her delight;
O! wing'd with pleasure take thy happy flight,
And give each future morn a tincture of thy white. }
Yet tell thy votary, potent Queen of Love,
Henry, my Henry, will he never rove?
Will he be ever kind, and just, and good?
And is there yet no mistress in the wood?
None, none there is; the thought was rash and vain;
A false idea, and a fancy'd pain.
Doubt shall for ever quit my strengthen'd heart,
And anxious jealousy's corroding smart;
Nor other inmate shall inhabit there,
But soft Belief, young Joy, and pleasing Care :
Hence let the tides of plenty ebb and flow,
And Fortune's various gale unheeded blow.
If at my feet the suppliant goddess stands,
And sheds her treasure with unweary'd hands;
Her present favour cautious I'll embrace,
And not unthankful use the proffer'd grace :
If she reclaims the temporary boon,
And tries her pinions, fluttering to be gone;
Secure of mind, I'll obviate her intent,
And unconcern'd return the goods she lent.
Nor happiness can I, nor misery feel,
From any turn of her fantastic wheel :
Friendship's great Laws, and Love's superior powers,
Must mark the colour of my future hours.
From the events which thy commands create
I must my blessings or my sorrows date;
And Henry's will must dictate Emma's fate. }

Yet while with close delight and inward pride
(Which from the world my careful soul shall hide)
I see thee, lord and end of my desire,
Exalted high as virtue can require ;
With power invested, and with pleasure chear'd ;
Sought by the good, by the oppressor fear'd ;
Loaded and blest with all the affluent store,
Which human vows at smoaking shrines implore ;
Grateful and humble grant me to employ
My life subservient only to thy joy ;
And at my death to bless thy kindness shown
To her, who of mankind could love but thee alone

WHILE thus the constant pair alternate said,
Joyful above them and around them play'd
Angels and sportive Loves, a numerous crowd ;
Smiling they clapt their wings, and low they bow'd :
They tumbled all their little quivers o'er,
To chuse propitious shafts, a precious store ;
That, when their God should take his future darts,
To strike (however rarely) constant hearts,
His happy skill might proper arms employ,
All tipt with pleasure, and all wing'd with joy :
And those, they vow'd, whose lives should imitate
These lovers' constancy, should share their fate.

The Queen of Beauty stopt her bridled doves ;
Approv'd the little labour of the Loves ;
Was proud and pleas'd the mutual vow to hear ;
And to the triumph call'd the God of War :
Soon as she calls, the God is always near.

Now, Mars, she said, let Fame exalt her voice :
Nor let thy conquests only be her choice :

But when she sings great Edward from the field
Return'd, the hostile spear and captive shield
In concord's temple hung, and Gallia taught to yield;
And when, as prudent Saturn shall compleat
The years design'd to perfect Britain's state,
The swift-wing'd power shall take her trump again,
To sing her favourite Anna's wondrous reign;
To recollect unweary'd Marlborough's toils;
Old Rufus' hall unequal to his spoils;
The British soldier from his high command
Glorious, and Gaul thrice vanquish'd by his hand:
Let her at least perform what I desire;
With second breath the vocal brass inspire;
And tell the nations, in no vulgar strain,
What wars I manage, and what wreaths I gain
And, when thy tumults and thy fights are past;
And when thy laurels at my feet are cast;
Faithful may'st thou, like British Henry, prove:
And, Emma-like, let me return thy love.

Renown'd for truth, let all thy sons appear;
And constant Beauty shall reward their care.

Mars smil'd, and bow'd: the Cyprian Deity
Turn'd to the glorious ruler of the sky;
And thou, she smiling said, great God of days
And verse, behold my deed, and sing my praise,
As on the British earth, my favourite isle,
Thy gentle rays and kindest influence smile,
Through all her laughing fields and verdant groves,
Proclaim with joy these memorable loves.
From every annual course let one great day
To celebrated sports and floral play

Be set aside; and, in the softest lays
Of thy poetic sons, be solemn praise,
And everlasting marks of honour paid,
To the true Lover, and the Nut-brown Maid.

F I N I S.

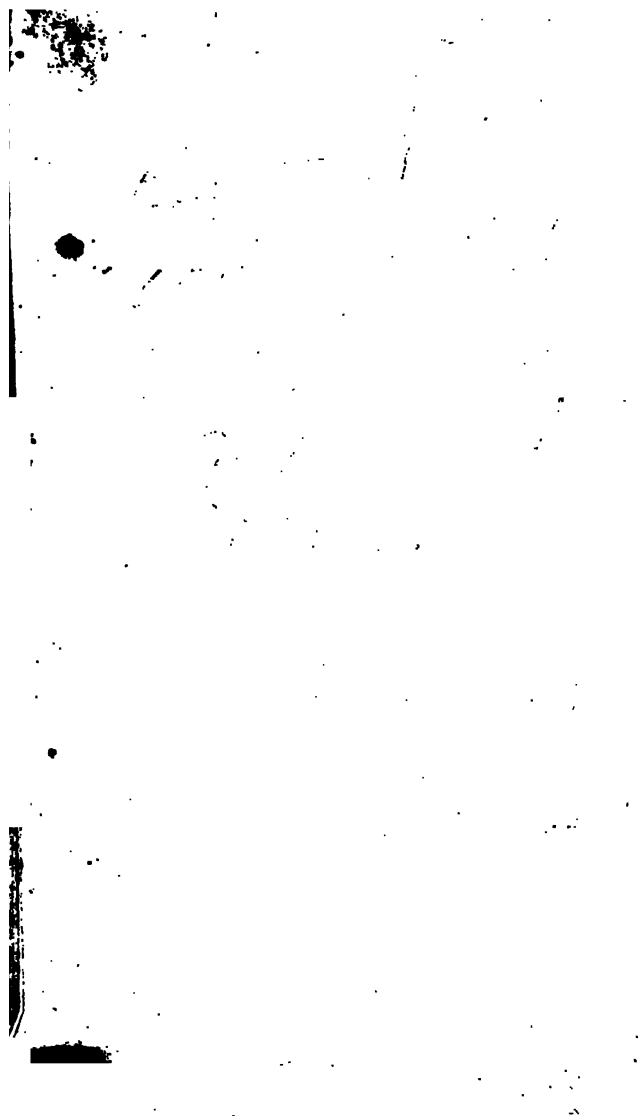


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